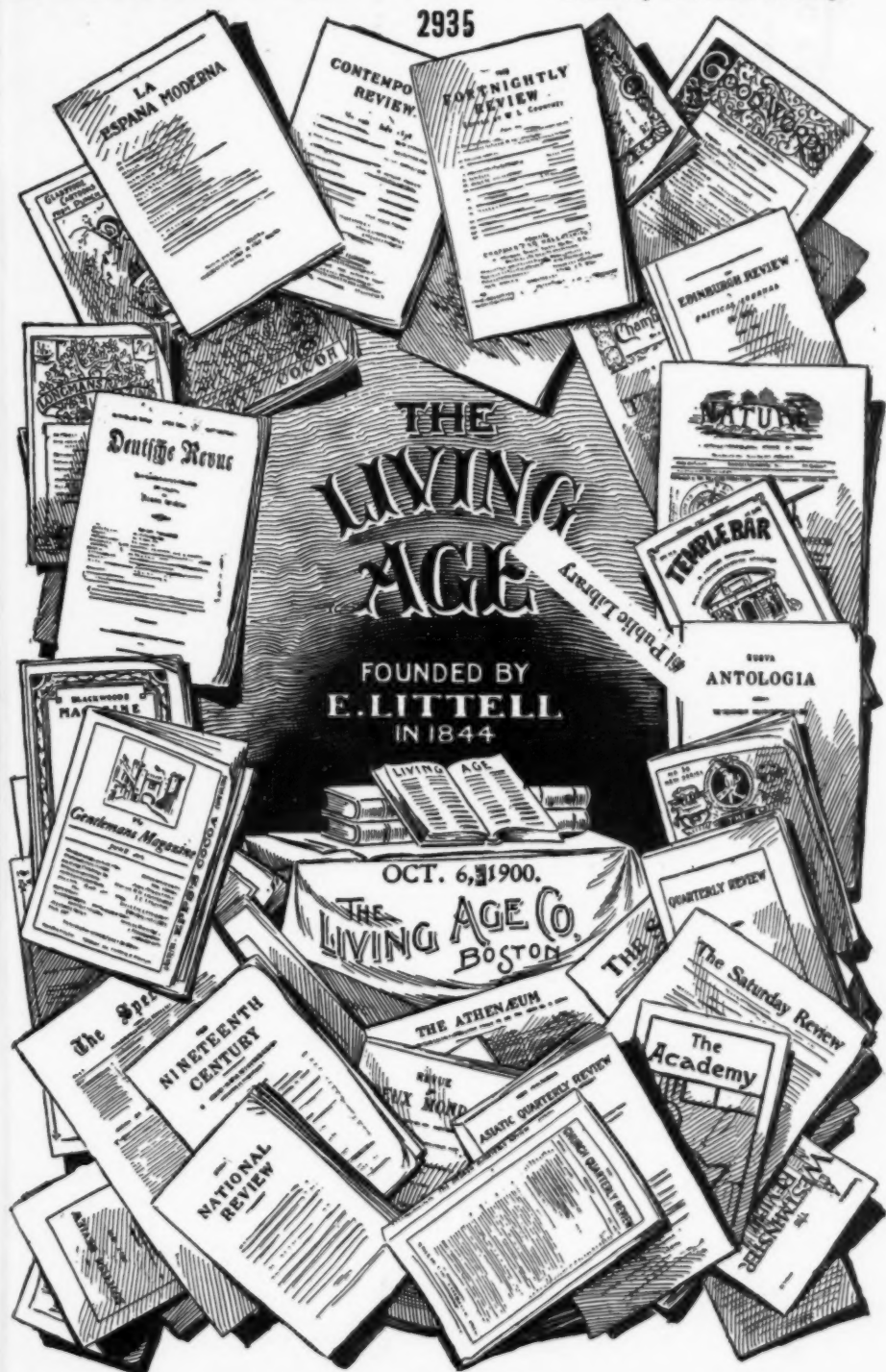


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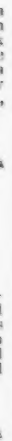
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Vol. CCXXVII. }

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A FEW FRENCH FACTS.

Among the many unpleasant signs of the anxious times through which we are passing, none is less reassuring than the ill-feeling which has latterly arisen between ourselves and our neighbors across the Channel. For the past eighteen months a certain noisy section of the Press of the two countries has been behaving in so unconscionable a manner, casting straws to kindle fire, and laboring to turn molehills into mountains, that many a prophet is even now eagerly endeavoring to persuade us we may before long be on the eve of hostilities. Thinking people must look upon such an ominous possibility with a sense of inexpressible horror, so appalling would be its consequences, and so disastrous its results to both nations. Once the dogs of war are loosed, we may be certain that the curs of civil strife will bound upon the scene of bloodshed and suffering, and do their hideous part to complete the universal wreck. Much of this irritation is due, no doubt, to our attitude in the Dreyfus case, which, to say the least of it, was unfortunate. Mr. Barclay, in his brief but admirable article, "A Lance for France," which appeared in the March issue of this Review, placed very concisely the truth concerning our behavior in that affair, which, notwithstanding the recent efforts of M. Rein-

ach and his friends to revive it, has, it is to be hoped, passed into the realms of ancient history; and I will merely make this passing allusion to it, referring my readers to Mr. Barclay's luminous statement of a matter which, after all, concerned us English folk remotely.

The Boer war undoubtedly offered the French an excellent field for retaliation. If the Dreyfus case presented certain mysterious features which allowed of scandalous interpretation, surely the Jameson Raid, with its uncanny suggestiveness of cosmopolitan financial jobbery, should have reminded us of a certain evangelical warning concerning the beam in our neighbor's eye and the mote in our own! There was undoubtedly a time, a few weeks back, when the attitude of France towards this country—I mean the attitude of the man in the street—was menacing; but after all, it is only the proverbial man in the streets of Paris who at the instigation of Rochefort & Co. cries "A bas les Anglais!" The actual Government of that country has never been unfriendly towards us, but we must not forget that a French Ministry is a very ephemeral affair indeed.

A crisis has occurred in the Far East which may possibly lead to events of

the mightiest importance and avert an European conflagration, not only in the near future, but for another half century; and that desirable consummation, which appeared even so recently as a month ago an Utopian dream—the Federation of the United States of Europe—may yet be on the verge of realization.

Not one of the great Powers was in the least prepared to prevent what seems likely—the reports concerning the safety of the foreign population and missions in Pekin are, as I write, still very conflicting—to be an appalling tragedy. Diplomats, after all, are more often than not only gods with clay feet. Intelligent, highly educated, and often extremely ornamental, they generally understand very little more than most other people, rank outsiders to their Excellencies, about the affairs they undertake to direct. They have more often than not very old-fashioned political views, and in the hour of danger sit round their green baize like a lot of children, holding their breath lest by a whiff they may overthrow the latest card-castle which they have erected.

In the long run the Aryan race is bound to conquer the world, and to subdue, if not absolutely absorb, the black and yellow races into that higher civilization towards which the human family is rushing in such hot haste. An international army and navy engaged for some two or three years to come in China must mean a better international feeling between neighbors in Europe. It were wise, therefore, at this juncture, when instead of fighting France we may be called to fight with her, that we improved the passing hour, as the French Ambassador, M. Cambon, advised in a recent and very able speech delivered at the Mansion House, by endeavoring to learn a little more about each other, politically and socially—all the more so since an influential minor-

ity of English writers have got it into their heads to proclaim that "France is a decadent nation, doomed to ruin and speedy extinction"—which she distinctly is not.

France is endeavoring to consolidate a novel experiment in government, one totally different to any of the Royal and Imperial rules which preceded it, and the country, therefore, presents an historical spectacle of intense interest. Republicanism in France is still in its infancy—thirty years is but as a moment in the history of any form of Government. Our own wonderful political system has taken close upon three hundred years of gradual evolution to reach its actual but far from perfect expression. Begun in the time of Cromwell—if not earlier still, with the Reformation—our evolution has been developed with admirable caution and with astonishing results. That we owe an exceeding debt of gratitude to French philosophic thought and initiative in the last century cannot be gainsaid. We grafted all that was best in the Great Revolution on to our own system. The French tree of liberty planted in 1789 developed too rapidly, for the very evident reason that too much was undertaken in too short a time. Thus, reaction became inevitable, and reaction led to Restoration and Imperialism. Has not a great French writer said of the First Republic that "it died of indigestion"?

The chief difference between ourselves and the French is, I take it, that the French make history, whereas history makes us. Since 1870, things in France have jogged on evenly enough, and, wonderful to relate, only two melodramatic events have occurred—the assassination of President Carnot and the sensational death of President Faure. Otherwise, history, taking a page out of our book, has been quietly building up Republicanism in France. Outside, as well as within, there have

been plots against the Government, but they have been clumsily managed. The head of the House of Orleans seems hopelessly to muddle his chances. He has considerably diminished the number of his adherents even in France, and has offended in no small measure, and especially so very recently, the susceptibilities of the countries which have afforded him shelter and hospitality. The princes of the House of Bonaparte lie low, awaiting their opportunity, which may come, or not, as Fate shall decree. To my mind at least, and I have carefully watched its progress, the Republican form of Government is the only one which has a fair chance of permanent success in modern France, and this chance grows stronger with every day of the Republic's existence. Fresh generations are thus enabled by the sheer force of modern thought and progress to emancipate themselves from most of the prejudices entertained even by their fathers, let alone by their grandfathers, and to recognize the merits of a Republican régime.

The Third Republic, in the year 1900, after only thirty years of existence, is in very much the same position as that of our own monarchical Government at the end of the last century. It is full of excellent theories and aspirations, but their practical application is defective. This is exactly what was to be expected, for Parliamentary Government stands no chance whatever of becoming efficient, unless, in the first place, every citizen takes an interest in the Commonwealth and keeps the House of Representatives judiciously balanced. All those elements which go to make up a great free Government must be thoroughly well represented, so that the best in each party can be selected and used to counterbalance what is prejudicial to the general interest of the country. Fortunately there are more citizens in France who have

accepted the Republic in this year of grace 1900 than there were, say, ten years ago. This does not mean, however, that the manner in which public affairs are managed by those in authority gives anything like universal, let alone partial, satisfaction. Quite the contrary; but Frenchmen are beginning to understand that, if they will but take a more active share in the elections and in the practical administration of the Government, many, if not most, of the evils at present so painfully evident will be toned down, and may possibly eventually vanish altogether.

It must be remembered that with the exception of Switzerland and the lilliputian Republics of San Marino and Andorra, France is the only democracy in Europe, and that it is surrounded by Empires and Monarchies who look upon the success of the Republican form of Government as a possible danger to themselves. Historians are of opinion that the greatest misfortune that ever befell France was the death of Mirabeau. It is well known that he would have had Louis XVI not only accept the Constitution, but, like our own rulers, content himself with watching the rapid processions of events, instead of endeavoring to force the evolution of the drama in the direction he himself favored. By these means the great statesman had hoped the Crown would have escaped the danger of becoming an object of party strife, and that the continuity of the representation of the nation would have remained in the hands of those who by their birth, traditions, knowledge of etiquette, and above all, by their foreign alliances, were best fitted to fill so exalted a position. Unfortunately, Louis XVI had not the strength of character necessary to carry out this program, and the result was disastrous both to himself and to his Queen. As matters stand, the chief of the

State in France, however excellent and accomplished he may be, must necessarily, as the representative of a somewhat aggressive democracy, be an isolated anomaly in the midst of the European Monarchies. Their equal by right of the grandeur of the nation whose figure-head for the time being he is, M. le Président de la République, in the eyes of the sovereigns his neighbors, is merely a sort of "lor' mayor." A scion of the middle classes, he has, of course, no regal alliances, and therefore is unable to keep up any private intercourse with the representatives of neighboring nations, save of the most formal and essentially political character. With us it is otherwise. The French cannot be brought to understand that, notwithstanding her popularity and her towering social position, Queen Victoria is absolutely unable to interfere, except by her personal advice, in political matters. Well-informed French writers and journalists have not scrupled lately to blame Her Majesty for not preventing the war in South Africa, ignoring the fact that the Queen has no more power to do this than the simplest gentlewoman in the realm. But on the other hand the Queen can, for instance, receive a visit from her grandson, the Emperor of Germany, without irritating foreign susceptibilities. A dutiful grandchild may surely pay his respects to his grandmother whenever the spirit moves him so to do. The Czar, too, can spend a week or so with his aunt and uncle of Wales at Marlborough House or Sandringham without thereby disturbing the peace of nations. The advantages, in a political sense, of these few friendly visits between royal relations can be better understood than defined. It is distinctly M. Loubet's misfortune, as well as that of France, that he has no grandson or nephew in high places abroad who can occasionally cross the frontier and visit the head of the State

on personal and private matters, without setting the whole Continent by the ears.

Nothing astonishes the French more than the enthusiasm with which, on every available occasion, we pray God save our Queen; and, accustomed as they are to seeing even the most inoffensive of their Presidents, the late unfortunate M. Carnot, for instance, the constant object of scurrilous caricature, they are at a loss to understand the universal respect with which, not only in England but in the Colonies, the Queen and Royal Family are held by all Englishmen, however divergent their political opinions. A famous French writer very quaintly said to me not many days ago: "Your Queen is the bee-queen of the British race. If she were to die, what a terrible commotion there would be in the hive! When a French President joins the majority there is a State funeral—*et voilà tout.*" And surely it is a pity that the representative of a great nation should be so often the object of attack on the part of the journalists of the very country over which he is called to preside. It cannot increase the feeling of respect due, if not to the man, at least to the exalted office he fills. After the recent inauguration of the present Exhibition, French journalists of nearly every shade of opinion ridiculed the President and disparaged the ceremony as *banal*. They longed for the display of erstwhile Imperial magnificence, the splendid uniforms of a generation or so back. France was not, they thought, fittingly represented. After all, M. and Mme. Loubet *ne sont que des bons bourgeois endimanchés*. The more orthodox among them missed the benediction which in years gone by was usually given by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, whereby a gorgeous keynote of color was added to an impressive function, and God, who, the Republic to the contrary notwithstanding, is not exact-

ly a negligible quantity, was invited to bless the undertaking.

In the course of time, no doubt, the French President's position will be better defined. His political influence, slight as it is, may be curtailed, and he may be called upon to make fewer speeches at railway stations, and constrained to assume a greater amount of State. It may even yet be said of him, as Sanuto tells us it was asserted of the Doges of Venice, "that they wore their robes becomingly, presided at the council, and received kings with magnificence, and no one considered them capable of doing anything else."

Republican France may be compared to a new steam engine with a somewhat antiquated boiler. She is still struggling with that in many ways excellent yet essentially Imperial Code which Napoleon I framed on the model of the Justinian, and which, however efficient it may have been for a people but recently emancipated from the throes of the Reign of Terror, scarcely fits in with the scheme of a democratic Government at the close of the nineteenth century. New laws, some of them sensible enough and some of them quite the other way, have been grafted on to the Code Napoléon, but nevertheless its well-worn wheels often impede the engine's progress. It is especially in the matter of the administration of justice that this state of affairs becomes most conspicuous. The amount of red-tapeism and of unnecessary delay attending a law-suit in France is something more than annoying, and the antiquated methods of the various courts, military as well as civil, which hamper the execution of justice, have formed the subject of many a discussion in the Chamber, though hitherto with little or no practical result. Much that seemed to us obscure in the Dreyfus case was, in part, due to this unfortunate state of affairs. As an example in point I will simply remind my

readers that the persons arrested in Algiers in September last for creating a political disturbance—one of them M. Boullay, a respectable lad of seventeen, universally believed to be innocent—are still in prison and untried!

The French move much more slowly in matters of administration than we do. Notwithstanding their apparent love of democracy, and their political and social forwardness, they are a far more conservative people. The most rabid socialist of the Buttes not unfrequently presents some striking contradictions. He may, in theory, be "advanced" beyond rhyme or reason, but in the practical details of life he sticks to ceremonious *formule* which we should consider antediluvian. But the principal reason for the preservation of so much that is cumbersome in nearly every department of the French Government is mainly due to an excess of bureaucracy. In no other country in the world are there so many civil servants who "fancy themselves" as in France. A Frenchman of a certain class is as happy with a *le* after his name as the scion of a lately ennobled house is with the prefix *de* before it. I remember once upon a time, in a French village, admiring a certain buxom matron who used to bring eggs to the hotel. On inquiring who she might be, I was much amused to hear that she was, "la dame de M. le facteur"—otherwise the postman's wife. The tendency of the French mind is essentially aristocratic, which possibly accounts for its love of a democratic form of Government, for when everybody wishes to be somebody, the only general satisfaction obtainable is by levelling everybody down to the same platform.

In 1793, France, in her exuberant joy in the sense of complete emancipation from the restraints of the *ancien régime*, overthrew not only sacerdotalism but Revelation. The First Repub-

lie, based upon free-thought, was in its way as bigoted as any theocracy; and unfortunately, a pertinacious atheistical tradition still clings to the very word Republic in France; and this is one of the chief reasons why this particular form of Government has been so reluctantly accepted by a large, and certainly the most respectable, section of the community. When I was a boy, and lived in France, the mere fact of a man being a Republican was synonymous, in the provincial towns, with his social ostracism in aristocratic and middle-class society. It is otherwise now, for even in such clerical centres as Orleans, Tours, Rennes and Rhelms many of the rising generation of old bourgeois and even of aristocratic families have adopted Republicanism in theory, if not in practice. They are beginning to see for themselves that this kind of Government, if properly understood and administered, is quite capable of protecting Catholic interests as well as those of free-thinkers, who, by the way, do not form anything like so numerous a body in France as is generally believed. The country is still profoundly Roman Catholic. Did not Louis Veuillot pithily describe Paris as "half Babylon and half Jerusalem?" To the superficial observer, religion may seem to retain only a very slight hold on France. But when you come to inquire into the matter, you are surprised to find that, of the two countries, France and England, France is probably the most practically religious—a fact proved by the enormous sums of money which have been collected in various parts of France quite recently for religious purposes. When, for instance, the Government, moved by the intolerant suggestion of some of its wire-pullers, passed a law suppressing religious instruction in the public schools, and indirectly, if not directly, fostering anti-Christian influence, the Parisians in a surprisingly

short time collected many millions of francs for the establishment of free schools, which are invariably in the hands of the religious orders. At least two-thirds of the Roman Catholic missions in foreign parts are supported out of French money. The huge Basilica at Montmartre is yet another proof that the religious spirit of the people is by no means so attenuated as many imagine. This enormous church has cost over a hundred millions of francs, and has been entirely erected by public subscription. In literally scores of cases in which the heavy tax known as the *droit d'association* has threatened the extinction of a monastery or a nunnery, the people in the neighborhood have paid it off. Then, again, we have the fact, published officially this year, that the number of scholars attending schools under the direction of ecclesiastics exceeds by one-fifth that of the attendance at the national Lycées and Colleges, where the God of the Christians is relegated to the mythology! There can be no doubt that, when the French Government finally solves the religious question, either by the partial or the complete separation of the Church from the State, many, if not all, the difficulties which beset the Republic will fade away. The settlement of this question is one of the most difficult of political problems, and one beset by many dangers. In the first place, if the Church were separated from the State, and granted the same absolute control over her affairs she enjoys in England and in the United States, it is not at all improbable (when we reflect that she is not likely to encounter much opposition from contending sects) that her preponderance may develop that which Frenchmen dread more than any other thing—a return to priestcraft.

In England, as in America, the Roman Catholic Church finds herself surrounded by various other religious

bodies or sects, which in the aggregate outbalance her in numbers, modify her power, and prevent any attempt on her part at sacerdotal aggression; but we must remember that, notwithstanding the influence of a distinctly persecutory spirit, the number of monastic institutions in France exceeds, if not in point of wealth, at any rate in the number of inmates, especially of the fair sex, what it was at the dissolution at the close of the last century. There were, in 1789, 37,000 nuns in the country; in 1806 there were 86,000; in 1878, 127,753; and in 1898 the number had reached 142,832. The number of monks does not at the present moment exceed 25,342, inclusive of Christian brothers and non-cloistered orders of teaching friars, whose vows, like those of the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, are only binding for five years; but the contemplative orders have proportionately diminished, and the present monastic army is for the most part engaged in the propaganda of religion by means of educational and philanthropic institutions. To these must be added considerably over 100,000 secular priests, under the direction of thirty-three archbishops and bishops. It may well be feared that if all these good people were allowed to do exactly as they liked, to accumulate territory and to establish themselves wherever they listed, without let or hindrance, as is the case with us, they would soon preponderate in a manner quite out of proportion even with the object of their existence, and might easily become a danger, not only to the State, but to themselves. At the same time, there is a wide gulf between a just and equitable control and petty persecution such as that recently carried out by M. de Lanessan, the actual Minister of Marine, who ordered the suppression of the time-honored Good Friday observances in the Navy, whereby he offended almost every officer and sailor in the

country, simply to curry favor with the socialists who recently employed their leisure in burning down two Parisian churches. The unfortunate part of it is, that antagonism to Christianity has had the effect of driving the majority of the lower orders into socialism, and the spread of a spirit of cynicism among the upper classes has resulted in decadentism. But whilst we reflect upon these facts, we should not forget that in England we also passed through much the same crisis at the beginning of the present century, when the churches were deserted, religious influence barely perceptible, and the brutal caricatures of Rowlandson and Gillray, and the still more offensive efforts of their imitators, were tolerated and admired even in "well-regulated" families. Already a reaction is taking place throughout France, and it is scarcely necessary for me to remind my readers that the papers which contained the offensive caricatures of our Queen are rarely seen within the four walls of any decent French family. That they are publicly sold on the boulevards is most regrettable, but their purchasers are mostly cosmopolitans. The strained relations between Church and State in France are mainly due to the Concordat arrived at between Pope Pius VII and Napoleon I, and it is quite incompatible with Republicanism. Here we have a Government which, in the intensity of its liberalism, observes such a neutrality in religious matters as to eliminate, as far as possible, even the mention of the name of God, let alone of Christ, from its school-books. It has dragged the crucifixes from every public place except the law-courts, and yet it pays salaries to archbishops, bishops, and a host of priests, to say that Mass for attending which more than one Government functionary, especially in the provinces, has been dismissed from his post. Within the last two weeks a

leading French paper published an article calling attention to a number of postmen and other petty functionaries who had been dismissed because they sent their children to the free schools and were known to accompany their wives and families to Divine service. That the Government should be neutral in religious questions would be a distinct advantage, if that neutrality were as absolutely free from bias as it is, for instance, in this country or in the United States. But ever since 1870 a large proportion of the officials in the employment of the French Government have been mysteriously pushed forward for selection by a certain secret society whose headquarters are in the Rue Cadet, and which, although popularly described as "Freemasonry," has no connection whatever with the beneficent brotherhood of that name which enjoys so firm a hold on the sympathies of the people of this country, and which at the present time is engaged in the dangerous game of endeavoring to create a State within the State.

In a word, free-thought in modern France is a political banner, and not a matter of conviction, for most of its leaders send their children to seminaries and convents for their education, which is not surprising, for the practical results of a godless education are only too apparent in the revival of the worst forms of neo-paganism, the visible effects of which have led many to consider France far more decrepit and decadent than she really is. Literature becomes tainted, and nothing is respected: no, not even the father's sword—*le sabre de mon père*—nor the mother's homely warning. Art as well as literature is degraded, and the decadent school so popular of late, with its cynically materialistic treatment of all that Christians hold sacred, both in the matter of faith and morals, forms a literature of its own as injurious to the

country which produces it as to those other countries whom it contaminates by exportation. A distinguished French littérateur remarked lately that he never felt so ashamed of his country as he did when, on arriving not long since at Port Said, and strolling through the narrow streets of that abandoned place, one of the "very hottest on earth," he beheld no less than three large French bookshops, the windows of which were adorned with rows of pornographic novels with their shameless frontispieces. "The whole display," he said, "was a degradation not only of literature, but of the consideration in which my nationality ought to be held abroad." And when one comes to think of it, it cannot assuredly be pleasant for a respectable Frenchman to know that wherever a *librairie française* is established in a foreign city it is nearly always the object of police supervision!

We are apt to imagine that, because the French novel is more often than not "impossible," and the French newspaper is better written and worse informed than those others, both are faithful expressions of French thought. In the first place, the novels with illustrated covers, which figure so conspicuously in the windows of the French libraries in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, are rarely if ever found in respectable French families. *La famille*, unfortunately, reads very little, especially in the provinces, where you may enter a hundred houses and scarcely see a book that would not edify a convent of nuns by its "innocence" and its orthodoxy. Although the French produce perhaps more novels than any other nation, they are the people who read them the least. I once took the trouble, when in Paris, to interview the principal publishers, so as to ascertain for myself how it was possible for them to sell so much—well, to put it mildly—pornographic literature and

pay the authors their fees. It was proved to me, beyond all question, that the vast majority of these objectionable works are sold in Germany, Austria, Italy, England, Spain, the United States, and especially in the South American Republics. Comparatively few are sold in Paris and in the large provincial cities. In the cathedral towns, such as Orleans, Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, Rennes, &c., it is not easy to find a single copy of these pernicious books. The booksellers would be boycotted for dealing in them. Therefore, whilst it is perfectly true that France produces the most corrupting and disreputable literature, on the other hand, and by reason of her conservative tendencies, she corrupts not so much herself as her neighbors. The evil is in a sense none the less great, but surely the neighbors should protect themselves! They have only to stop buying these naughty books, and a visible diminution of their production in Paris will at once ensue. Hence it happens that the insolent and outrageous caricatures of the Queen, which have so greatly offended us, do not really possess anything like the importance we have attached to them. They never had the sanction of respectable France, for respectable France, in all probability, never beheld them. *Le Rire* and its imitators are not the sort of publications which a self-respecting man is likely to take into a lady's drawing-room. The excessive license of the Press is, nevertheless, most harmful, and there is but one remedy for it—that which we applied to the coarse cartoons in vogue under the Regency. Disgusted by their brutality, the English public ceased to buy them. The result was simple and swift enough. The artists, finding no market for their wares, ceased to produce them, and thus by degrees we came to prefer the clean and wholesome comicality of our very own and

beloved Mr. Punch. The harm done in France by blasphemous and indecent literature affects the lowest class more than any other. It lies about the café and club tables, and is a distinctly corrupting and dangerous element, unknown, fortunately, in this country, where there is no public-house literature beyond the intensely respectable Advertiser, one of the few newspapers ever seen across the "bar." The cafés and entertainment rooms, which in France take the place of our public-houses, are invariably arranged with a view to recreation. Each is a sort of club-house: its tables are littered with papers, many of which are of a very baneful character.

With every department of the Administration overstocked with candidates whose chief claim is their animosity to the national religion, the Government soon finds itself greatly embarrassed. Experience teaches that opinions gain intensity by persecution, and hence within the past ten or twenty years religion, which was rather at a discount under the lax *régime* of the Third Empire, has become a distinct power in France, where Catholicism is the only creed which the vast masses of the French people recognize; and, although they seem as much disinclined as ever to submit to the interference of the clergy either in politics or in social matters, many eminent thinkers have materially changed their views with regard to the elimination of all reference to the Deity in schools and colleges. Absolute secularization has fewer supporters to-day in France than it had twenty-five years ago, and people are gradually awakening to the fact that, though it is very easy to honeycomb a religion, it is extremely difficult to rebuild any sort of code of ethics. Without such a code, based upon the authority of an indisputable Revelation, the masses are apt to frame ethical laws for themselves, and

these more frequently than not, are totally at variance with social order and real progress.

Those only who have examined for themselves the books used in the official lay schools both in France and Italy at the present day, can form any idea of the ingenuity displayed by their editors in eliminating references to the Deity, even in the department of "copy-book morality." One would readily imagine their authors believed the word of God to be almost the wickedest an infant's lips could pronounce. "Nature" takes His place with a very poor grace. The little child thus early trained in official agnosticism soon learns to think it is "the thing" to show contempt for the religion of its parents. If God does not exist, or is merely a wondrous Force which takes no interest whatever in its creations, why address It as "Our Father"? As to His Son, the less said about Him and His origin the better. With practically a very elementary education, but with a brain teeming with half-digested theories, the lad goes out into the world, to fall an easy prey to the professional socialistic agitator. The cabaret and the *petit verre*, assisted by an abominable class of journalism and literature, do the rest of the work, and our youth soon becomes a pest and a danger to himself, his family, and neighbors. His lot is a hard one, and his heart is full of bitterness and envy. Sometimes he sinks to the level of the lowest of criminals, even to parricide; at others, if he possesses an unusual amount of imagination, he takes, like Sipido, to "sniping" princes, reasoning logically enough that if there is no God to appeal to in the hour of trouble, and no future state of reward or punishment, why should one man have better opportunities for enjoying this world than another? He does not exactly wish to murder an Empress, a President, or a Prince, but to kill a

principle at variance with the logical consequences of the education he has received. The official un-Christianizing of Europe, especially of France, Italy, and Belgium, may be an interesting, but it is certainly a dangerous experiment. The Governments who attempt it will, I hold, one day wake up to the fact that, like Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein, they have created a monster which, once started into action, is not easily put to rest.

As an instance in point, people in this country are apt to say that the French army is ruled by clericalism, which is not true. If some of the officers—about a third—are educated in colleges controlled by the clergy, it is simply because their parents object to sending them to the Government schools, where agnosticism has replaced Christianity. The whole of the able-bodied male population of France and Italy has to spend three years in the army, during which time they are never expected to attend Divine service. The obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays has long since been abolished, and I can remember the very unfavorable effect produced on an eminent English officer who was sent to France to attend the annual military manoeuvres, when he discovered that there was no religious service of any sort in the French camp.

It thus happens that young peasants brought up from the provinces, where religion is still a dominant moral force, lose the habit of attending church, and little by little drift away from Christianity altogether. If the "philosophy" which is intended to replace the teachings of the Decalogue and the catechism were of a practical sort, matters might be different; but it is not, and there is no use disguising the fact by high-falutin' references to "le progrès" and "l'humanité." I prefer the good old-fashioned Mass-going peasantry of bygone times to the

psuedo-philosopher, the cabaret-besotted clodhoppers of our own. The first were pre-eminently respectable, the others are the reverse. But no better system could be discovered than this persistent belittling of religious influence, this abolition of Divine service in an army through which the whole able-bodied male population must pass.

There are two points which Englishmen who care to study French politics would do well never to lose sight of. In the first place, the Paris correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding, the opinions of M. Yves Guyot and M. Cornély concerning this country and French affairs in general are not accepted by anyone in France. Both these gentlemen have lessened their cause by neglecting M. de Talleyrand's advice concerning too much zeal, especially the former by his injudicious attempt to float *Le Siècle* on the English market. This paper, the once famous Voltairian organ of the bourgeoisie under Louis Philippe and Napoleon III, has no following to-day; and the *Figaro* has lost its *raison d'être* by turning in a single night from its Bonaparte and Royalist friends to seek fresh woods and pastures in the opposition camp. As a matter of fact, no paper or writer in France has the power to form or lead public opinion, and if an Englishman wishes to understand French politics he can only do so by living in the country and observing men and manners.

The second point of vital importance just now is one few English papers seem to care to hint at, and it is that within the past few years France has awakened to the danger of the attempt on the part of the so-called Masonic lodges, especially of the Paris Grand Orient, to create a State within the State. French Freemasonry, I need not say, differs entirely from English, with which it is no longer in communion. It is a political and anti-Christian

organization, which meddles in public affairs so audaciously as to have at length roused the susceptibilities even of members of its own organization, and hence a recent split in the more important lodges. Unfortunately, it has also made an enemy of the army, an opponent ten times more powerful than itself. The recent appointment of General André to the position of Minister of War and the State Interference at the suggestion of the Rue Cadet with well-known Catholic officers, displaced only to be replaced by others whose views are in accordance with those of the occult brotherhood, led to the demission of M. de Gallifet, and now to that of a far more important and remarkable man, General Jamont. On this matter the present Government, even according to the views of such solid, not to say stolid, papers as the *Temps* and the *Débats*, is pretty sure before long to come to grief. That senseless anti-religious feeling which is less genuine than interested, that which is flaunted merely to flatter the passions of a large and certainly very low class, is at the bottom of this notorious business. Meanwhile, the Government finds itself very much between the deep sea and his Satanic Majesty. If the recent elections went in favor of the more or less conservative Nationalists, in Paris, they resulted in the other big cities in a great Socialist majority. Roubaix, Lille, Narbonne, Bordeaux, Limoges, Bourges, Albi, Toulouse, Nîmes, and even Carcassonne, of rhyming fame, declared for the Socialists; and very rabid Socialists they are, too, of the most ultra-revolutionary sort. The mayor of Roubaix for instance, a certain Citizen Caerette, who hawked papers about the streets, enjoyed his honors only for a few hours, being arrested by his own guard of honor for drunken and disorderly conduct. M. Augagneur, Mayor of Lyons, is an "anti-Christian Socialist,"

and Doctor Flaissières was proclaimed Mayor of Marseilles to the tune of *Carmagnole*. We may take it for granted that these good people were allowed, by the abstainers from voting, to get into office merely to embarrass the Government and result in its overthrow. Unhappily, the French people do not as yet understand either the dignity or the value of voting. They use their voting papers like cheques at a gambling loft, in the hope of an off-chance of good luck, but rarely with mature consideration. The time will doubtless come when they will learn to moderate their zeal, to ponder before they drop their paper into the urn, and above all before they deliberately abstain from interfering in a matter of such vital importance to the local community as well as to the nation in general.

The remedy for many of these and other evils, however, is not so far to find. I have no great faith in Press laws, and lean rather to a sound public opinion, which can only be formed by the persistent efforts of the better Press of all shades. Within the past ten years a number of papers have found favor in Paris which I think we misunderstand. The French Press had hitherto been divided into two distinct sections—the frankly Voltairian and the frankly clerical. The religion of the vast majority of the French people was represented by such journals as *L'Univers*, *Le Monde*, *La France*, &c., which, however well written they might be, were too obviously intended for the sacrilists to produce much impression even in *le monde où l'on prie*. Now it is otherwise. *Le Journal*, *La Libre Parole*, *L'Echo de Paris*, and a host of other papers both in Paris and in the provinces, not to forget the much-abused *Croix*, written in a lighter and more popular style, have made headway among the masses; and although

I express no particular admiration for their methods, still I recognize that their tone is decent, and that they do not outrage either faith or morals. Drumont's anti-Semitism is objectionable, but he has done good by drawing the attention of his numerous readers to certain abuses in the Administration, notably such as affect religious liberty, which otherwise would have passed without attracting much attention or interest. After all, his anti-Jewish crusade is not directed against the Jewish creed so much as against that ever-increasing cosmopolitan element which may or may not be of Hebrew descent—it certainly no longer recognizes the Hebrew religion or moral code—which is creating a spirit of unrest and distrust in other parts of the world besides France. Its preternatural shrewdness, not to say dishonesty, in trading transactions, carried on at first in the dark, at length becomes obvious, and ends in an explosion of popular hatred very apt to confound its nefarious proceedings with the religion which its representatives, mostly of German birth and Oriental extraction, have ceased either to respect or practice. The worst of it is that honorable Jews are often confounded with these numerous rascals, who have been stigmatized in this country by an eminent Jewish gentleman, Sir George Lewis, "as the greatest pests of society."

La Croix, now being conducted on the old lines by laymen, has its merits as well as its glaring faults. It is the French War Cry, and has been the means of bringing the name of God and of Christ into homes where they were previously unknown, and even, I might say, detested. I have glanced through hundreds of copies of this much talked of paper, and in faith I can see very little harm in it. Like most religious papers of all denominations, it is rather dull and assertive. It is not a bit more anti-Dreyfusard or

anti-English—its chief offence in the eyes of the Paris correspondents to the London Press—than *Le Gaulois*, for instance, and differs from *L'Intransigant* in not being blasphemous. It does not publish a daily column or so of pornographic literature, like *Gil Blas*; and I hold that, although much that it publishes might with advantage be gilded with greater charity or left out altogether, it does do some little good, inasmuch as it appeals to a class which, if it were written in any other political spirit, would refuse to read it. By its means millions of French men and women have their attention directed to certain measures affecting the free practice of their religion, and the obvious effect of this will be the eventual formation of a political party whose efforts will be mainly directed to a better balancing of the House of Representatives; and this is precisely what France needs most. *L'Echo de Paris*, a very brilliantly written paper, at the present moment amusingly anti-English, often contains leading articles of an exceptionally high tone. It fights steadily and with excellent purpose the pernicious encroachments of pornography. With the political spirit of these papers and their numerous imitators I have nothing to say, but I feel certain that they are building up a wholesomer tone in journalism, and possibly the day is not far distant when it will be as difficult to find objectionable papers, caricatures and novels in France as it is here. All I hope is that this desirable state of affairs will be due, not to the passing of any special Press laws, but to the common-sense and the good taste of the vast majority of the French people, who should learn to become their own censors in their own defence. "Self censorship," once said Horace Greeley, the founder of up-to-date journalism, to me, "is the only possible means of assuring perfect freedom of the Press. The people must

learn to refuse to purchase newspapers and periodicals which offend that innate sense of self-respect which all civilized communities must foster if they wish to endure."

I have marshalled a few salient facts which should, I think, appeal to Englishmen and enlist their sympathy, rather than provoke their suspicion and their ire. We have enjoyed the grandest and the freest form of Government the human race has ever known, and enjoyed it for so long, that we can surely afford to be indulgent with a sister nation struggling to achieve a like success and to establish permanently a rule which shall satisfy all religious and non-religious thought, and absorb into itself all political parties. France is so generous in her instincts and so full of noble impulses, that if it only be in gratitude to her for the inspiration which she gave us in the last century, and for her terrible struggles and sacrifices in the cause of liberty and humanity, we should be more forbearing. We should not forget that if the religious faith of France has apparently diminished, her patriotic faith in her high destiny is stronger than ever, and for this faith she will fight with all the heroism of her ancestors in the wars and civil wars of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Above all, let us not imagine that this illustrious people is anything like as demoralized as reported by superficial observers. Each time, however, that France has been apparently crushed to earth, she has risen, phoenix-like, from her ashes, more resplendent than before. The struggles of the League and of the Fronde led to the brilliant reigns of Henry IV and Louis XIV. The dark clouds of the Reign of Terror were dissipated by the genius of the great Napoleon. Eight years after Sedan, the Exhibition of 1878 gave the world proof of the astonishing vitality and resource of French art and indus-

try. A like effect will become evident on either bank of the Seine during this coming summer. If Frenchmen will but rally round their Government, and, frankly submitting to its form and principles, condemn only its unjust measures and assist with all their hearts in the building up of all that is best in it, Europe will soon be convinced that *la grande nation* is still worthy of her self-imposed mission as torch-bearer to civilization. We Englishmen, therefore, should seek a fuller appreciation of the good qualities of our nearest neighbor, and observe her faults with a more charitable spirit. We can well afford to be generous.

The Fortnightly Review.

We are so strong in our unity, so long accustomed to and experienced in that decent liberty, never for an instant mistaken for license, which has been built up under the rule of our greatest of Constitutional Sovereigns. During the recent visit of Her Majesty to London, an eminent Frenchman remarked to me, and not without emotion, "*Un peuple qui est tellement uni n'a rien à craindre!*" Surely war should be impossible between two nations who, after all, by reason of their splendid services in the cause of liberty, art and science, may fairly consider themselves the foremost under God's heaven.

Richard Davey.

A LULLABY.

We've wandered all about the upland fallows,
We've watched the rabbits at their play,
But now good-night, good-bye to soaring swallows,
Now good-night, good-bye, dear day.

Poppy heads are closing fast, pigeons circle home at last,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the bats are calling;
Pansies never miss the light, but sweet babes must sleep at
night;
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the dew is falling.

Even the wind among the quiet willows
Rests, and the sea is silent too.
See soft white linen, cool, such cool white pillows
Wait in the darkling room for you.

All the little chicks are still, now the moon peeps down the
hill,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the owls are hooting,
Ships have hung their lanterns out, little mice dare creep
about,
Sleep, Liebchen, sleep, the stars are shooting.

Ford M. Hueffer.

THE TREASURE: A HOME TALE.*

BY HEINRICH SEIDEL.

Good things enough has the world in
store:
Nightingales, swallows and roses ga-
lore,
Ruby lips and sparkling wine
And a heart that beats with mine.

I.

THE YOUNG ENGINEER.

A railway was to be constructed through a peaceful, fertile and retired district in northern Germany. It was but a short time ago that the people of Richenberg regarded their highway as a marvel, and now from the mighty web of modern traffic a thread of even greater importance was to be woven through this neighborhood. The school-master of the place, a man of letters and part subscriber to a newspaper, took pleasure in explaining to any one who would listen to him that this new double thread of iron would put the hitherto isolated parish of Richenberg in direct communication with most of the great and famous cities of Europe. "You might hardly believe it," he was wont to say, "but when this roadway is once laid out, which it is not yet, but soon will be, a good walker could go along it to Berlin and to Vienna and to Rome and Paris, and so on by this same way. Only not to London on account of the Channel, but a bridge is going to be built over that."

All sorts of signs had preceded the advent of this new period. First of all a surveyor had popped up in the village and taken up his abode at the excellent inn kept by Krischan Lange. A majestic man with a bushy beard, his

face and hands of a reddish brown hue, who by day would place his gleaming three-legged instrument now here and now there, and who took a strange interest in gazing through its tube at certain staves striped white and black, which his people would set up and change about in obedience to strange signals given with his right arm. But in the evening he sat in the best room of the inn and drank unheard of quantities of beer, which he mildly diversified with Rostock double-kummel and with stories that credulous natures alone were capable of fully digesting. But the crafty peasants of Richenberg treated him with courtesy and respect, for they fully believed that this man was the deity who presided over the direction of the coming railway, and that a nod of his Olympian head or a gesture of his brown hand would be sufficient to place it where he would, to remove mountains and to fill up valleys. Then, too, they had heard rumors of serious sums given as damages for relatively small and worthless patches of land. But after a time this man disappeared, leaving behind him no other traces than a few posts and other landmarks, as well as a serious void among the liquid refreshments which had been accumulated by the landlord Krischan Lange, and quite an interval elapsed before the road was finally laid out the ensuing autumn. Hearings followed, at which the peasants behaved in a manner that was both obstinate and vexatious; in the end, however, they softened down, and with smiles of satisfaction tucked away the money they got for the small strips of land they had surrendered, and things were soon so far advanced that with gen-

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eral consent it was said: "now go ahead."

The railway was to run for a considerable distance through the extensive meadow ground which Richenberg occupied, and where its little river, the Richnow, flowed in many capricious windings. Several bridges would be required there, and as their foundations would have to be laid in a soil liable to inundations, an investigation of the ground would have to be made, as well as a careful survey of the territory. For this task the managers of the road selected the young engineer Helmuth Wigand, who came to Richenberg the following June, and with his people also took up his abode in the hostelry of the well-pleased Krischan Lange.

As the afternoon was not yet far advanced, Wigand started off, as soon as he had finished his meal, to look about him a little. The village of Richenberg lay grouped about two intersecting streets on the summit of the rising bank which bounded the valley of the Richnow. One of these ways, broad and spacious, grass-grown and studded with old oaks, ran parallel with the valley along the heights and formed the principal street of the village. By its sides stood, each nestling amid its own trees, the old farm residences of Lower Saxony, with their straw thatch overgrown with moss and with the crossed horses' heads carved in wood on the gable, each set off with one, many indeed, with two mighty stork nests. Everywhere were to be found venerable, gnarled elder trees, which are so fond of growing by the walls of these old houses, and which had prinked themselves over and over with their big white clusters of flowers. By the brush hedges of the gardens, overcast with a greenery of bryony, hops and creepers, there was a luxuriant growth of soapwort, or in places a colony of

burdocks with their huge leaves; the grass in the gardens had a luscious green tint, and in yet another shade of green there shimmered in the background the beds of peas and beans and other pleasing vegetables. Out of the hives, which were set in every farmyard, the busy bees swarmed back and forth, looking like smoke against the clear sky, while now and then one of the sleek cows tethered in the grass of the farmyard lowed in the fulness of her content, and the whole presented a charming picture of peaceful retirement and contented prosperity. The engineer, who had long been held captive in a city office, was well pleased with all this. He had lounged along the village street, until he reached the meadows, had then come back along the other side of the street, and stood now in front of the inn conducted by the worthy Krischan Lange, at the point where the principal street of Richenberg was intersected by the high road, and considered within himself whether he had not better follow up this broad avenue lined with oaks, along the other side up to the highest spot in the village, where the old church with its gray stone wall and its red tiled roof peered out amid the branches of mighty lindens. His interest in his professional duties, however, made him disposed to wander along the road as it descended into the valley of the Richnow, that he might see the scene of his future labors.

As he bent his steps thitherward he was observed by two good-looking wenches, who were digging potatoes in one of the gardens.

"He's one of the new railroad men, too," said one.

"A handsome fellow," remarked the other.

"And what a handsome pair of top boots he's got on, much finer than those your inspector wore, and yet he pretended to know a thing or two."

"And what eyes he makes at one. Do you think I didn't see him squinting at you?"

"O, you girl, you were the one he was looking at, you are blushing now."

And then they slapped one another and giggled and made as if they took no notice of the stranger, the better to disguise the interest he had forced them to take in him. But he went on, without a suspicion of the charm he had exercised over the two village beauties, until he reached the bridge over the Richnow. There he stood some time, followed up the course of the railway marked through the broad meadows, and sought to get an idea of the thing by means of the map, which his previous study of the plans had enabled him to carry in his head. After he had succeeded in doing this, his eyes fell on the opposite bank of the valley, where he observed a long stretch of park, enclosed by a ruinous wall, with a stately hill rising from it. Through the intervals between the great trees he saw the gleam of the white walls of an extensive building. "Aha," thought he, "that must be Castle Richenberg." He now followed the way across the meadows, until he reached a place where the high road was bounded on the one side by the park wall of Castle Richenberg, on the other by its farm buildings. Here the wall was neither old nor ruinous, but had evidently been rebuilt not long ago. A curious piece of construction, calculated to make an architect shake his head over its strange and unpleasing contours, the kind that would be likely to visit him as a nightmare. It gave admission through two gates, standing far apart from one another, behind whose rude and odd iron gratings grass-grown roads led up to the castle, sweeping round in a half circle between oleander trees set out in green tubs. On the quaint and massive gate posts sat gigantic partridges carved in

stone and regarded one another. In the middle of the leaf of each gate was inserted a medallion on which, too, was delineated a partridge, and each pilaster of the wall was also crowned by such a bird, cut in stone. But midway between the two gates there rose above the wall a sort of pinnacle of a temple, erected on two rude columns, and on its summit sat the king of all these partridges, a stone monster, bigger than a condor. A segment of a circle between these columns formed the place for a niche, such as is used for the reception of statues. On its floor was placed a round, projecting basin, into which continually fell a small stream of water that came from the wall of the niche; while on the edge of this basin sat in a half circle a whole mob of stone partridges, who seemed to be resolutely drinking from the bowl.

Wigand had scarcely ever seen such a curious piece of architecture and he spent some time in regarding it, turning finally to the other side, where there was a wooden door, the posts of which were also surmounted with partridges. It stood open and led into the farmyard. The young engineer came of a family that was engrossed in farming, and he saw at the first glance that disorder and negligence were here in the ascendancy. The buildings were old and ruinous, the roofs damaged and everywhere things were in their wrong places, or else there were piles of rubbish and dirt that had not been removed for years. A dangerous old stone causeway, its uneven places still filled with black, muddy water remaining over from the last rain, led to a house near by, probably the dwelling of the inspector or tenant. Under the linden tree which stood before the door an old, fat, unshaven man with an ashy complexion had gone to sleep in a wicker easychair, his long pipe in his mouth. In front of him on the table

stood several bottles, a spirit glass, and a goblet half full of thin beer, in which countless flies struggled towards a sorry death.

Wigand smiled involuntarily and went on. Behind the farmyard was a row of neglected workmen's cabins, in front of which a medley of flaxen-haired children with dirty faces and illuminated noses played with a dead rat. Everywhere dirt and negligence; the broken window panes were in part nailed up with box covers, or else had papers pasted over them. Some of these papers had regular lines of writing on them and the engineer involuntarily stepped nearer that he might read what stood there. They were leaves from a school copy book; on one of them was a sentence written twelve times in a stiff and awkward childish hand, "order holds the world together," on the other thirteen times, "cleanliness is a virtue."

Wigand smiled again and went on along a broad way, bordered by knobby willows of great antiquity, which led into the meadow from behind the last houses. The fields of this property exhibited the same neglect as the buildings themselves. They were badly and irregularly laid out, and the rows of corn were full of gaps and twistings. Good fields of corn must present a rather uninteresting appearance to a layman; these, however, were full of interest and rich in variety. The soil was poorly cleared and in places covered with a growth of quickgrass, above which towered here and there a few stunted blades of wheat, while in some of the island-like spaces between these was a luxuriant growth of corn, thus showing that the failure of the crop to be a general one was not to be attributed to any fault of the soil. There were expanses of oats so yellow with wild mustard as to give the impression of flourishing fields of rape, and there again were wide patches so

glowing with brilliant poppies as to look like blood red ditches through the green. And yet elsewhere amid the rye, which was just in bloom and from which the gentle breeze caused the pollen to escape in mysterious smoky clouds, there bloomed brightly corn-flowers, cockle, larkspur, convolvulus, camomile and poppies, all in a blaze of glory. The fields were badly watered and evidently not drained at all. Even the necessary ditches were missing and thus there were wet places where no corn could grow, nothing but sour grass and rushes and a few marsh plants. The sole things that thrived in these neglected fields were the birds, and while the engineer had previously been astonished at the grotesque stone partridges, he was now filled with wonder at the incredible number of the living, who filled all the air with their short clucks and their calls. Indeed, they were so tame that he was able to distinguish the separate broods running about in the thinly planted and open cornfields, now here and now there, in pursuit of food, the old birds presenting an attractive sight in their tender care for the cunning little young ones, who were scarcely as large as mice. Wigand began at last to feel as if these fields had been laid out not for themselves, but in reality to afford shelter and maintenance to the countless partridges, and in this belief he was confirmed by the fact that the only things on this property constructed with care and thoroughness were evidently meant for the partridges. For indeed in every place where the conformation of the soil made cultivation difficult, in the old marlpits, on the shores of the little ponds, on steep slopes, on the summits of the frequent cairns and by the sides of the unnecessarily broad roads, so-called preserves had been constructed, that is to say thickets of thorns, wild roses, clematis, elder bushes, privet and brambles, all set as

close as possible. In suitable spots were regular miniature forests of low summer oaks bushed together, the whole so arranged as to make the partridges secure against poachers in summer and protect them from cold in winter. Wigand contemplated all this with constantly increasing astonishment, as well as a growing desire to make the acquaintance of the proprietor of all these delights.

"He must be a queer chap!" he thought with a shake of his head, "a great sportsman but a poor farmer, a man who values a partridge hanging by his hunting pouch more than a bushel of wheat in his granary. There certainly are strange sorts of Christians."

Meanwhile he had gone a long way up the field and it was time to think of returning. He found a narrow footpath which enabled him to avoid a long curve in the highway and take a short cut, evidently leading to the village, and this he took on his way home. Along it he sauntered, standing still from time to time and enjoying the dreamy quiet of the June afternoon. Around him softly whispered and rustled the corn, and the eyes of a thousand flowers rested on him. But strangely enough what most impressed him with a sensation of quiet, rest and peace, was just that which caused all the clamor, namely the delightful jangle of charming sounds which thronged in on him from far and near. For all the air above the green cornfields around him was full of the joyous notes of the lark, and when one had finished his task and plunged down to earth like a falling stone, yet another would rise out of the green with a new song, the sum of sweet melody aloft being ever the same. Then too, the goldhammers in the trees spun their thin golden thread of song; out from every hedge, or each one of the many thickets, resounded the trickling

music of the garden warblers or the piping quaver of the linnet; the motley notes of the chimney swallows rang forth as they swiftly winged their flight over the corn; hidden far away among the verdure was heard the quail, and from out the marsh the corn-crake intoned the bass.

The engineer, who had spent the morning amid the noisy sea of houses in Berlin, and on whose ears had fallen nought but the rolling of the carriages, the jingling bells of the horse railways and the roar of street cries, found himself pleasantly affected by this genial contrast, and lounged quietly and contentedly along until he again reached the farmyard.

The charm which the dead rat exerted over the flaxen-haired children of the laborers seemed to be not yet exhausted. They had attached it to a string and, dragging it this way and that, were tantalizing to the utmost a village cur, one of those dreadful conglomerates in whose production every breed of dog in Germany seems to have had a part, each contributing its mite to the body of this monster, and each contribution being out of proportion to every other. The fat, unshaven man with the long pipe still slept; the only change in his condition being the fact that half a handful more of flies were crawling in his glass.

When Wigand had once more crossed the descent of the road into the valley of the Richnow, the village of Richenberg lay in the slanting sunlight clear and distinct before him, with its gardens rising in terraces from the bottom of the valley. But the largest of these gardens was the one that belonged to a mighty lord who is called Death. Round about the church he had laid out his varied beds, on which might be made out white crosses and grave-stones, against a background of green sod and dark bushes. In one conspicuous place he caught a glimpse of a

larger monument which was quite prominent, and there he perceived two ladies dressed in black, one stout and elderly, and one young and slender, the charming and well proportioned figure of the latter not failing to make an impression on him, even at this distance. Wigand now began to feel a strong desire to get a look at this churchyard, its design appearing to him to be quite remarkable. An interest in the church too had been awak-

ened within him. Standing where he did it seemed to him to be built according to the principles of the Roman order of architecture. This being the case it must be very old, and a great curiosity for this neighborhood. Consequently he quickened his steps, turned at once into the broad village street, and in a short time stood in front of the plain wooden gate that led through the rough stone wall into this garden of death.

(To be continued.)

SHARKS.

The name of these animals is generally associated with deeds of daring and violence, but not all of them have this character. Take as an example the Basking Shark,¹ which is sometimes found from 30 to 40 feet long, and is the largest fish that swims in the North Atlantic, or possibly in any other ocean. It has only rudimentary teeth, which are rather difficult to find, as it has really no use for them; but instead, the Great Father has provided these fish with extensive whale-bone gills, whereby they can sift the sea and from the remaining minutiae find sustenance enough to support themselves, although of such huge dimensions. And this to a certain extent makes them the real police of the ocean, keeping the balance right between its larger and lesser life. This will be understood when it is known that in the seas which surround the British Isles there exist minute crustaceans in untold and incalculable myriads, that often live in vast shoals, each shoal filling scores of square miles of water. These are so prolific that there is great danger of

their filling the sea, to the injury of most other fishes. They are the great food of the mackerel, herring and pilchard families; and, when these cannot keep them under, the basking shark comes to their assistance and gulps them down in millions, by this means giving a shade of fair play to most other fish life.

Again, there are others of the genus, which have not extreme habits, but are fair members of the great fish tribes, unless hard pressed, when they are generally a match for their enemies. But as this article must be a short one, I had better consider especially the more violent forms of the race; so I will first remark on the

NURSE-HOUND (*Scyllium catulus*).

These sharks are never seen together in numbers, so they cannot be said to be gregarious in their habits. They may be found scattered over the sea bottom from the Orkney Isles to the Mediterranean, and are much scarcer in northern than in southern waters. Off our shores they generally live in the depths of the English Channel, except when on their procreative errand,

¹ For the common names of fishes I shall follow Couch.

when, if their chosen haunts are sheltered and quiet, and their accouchement nooks abound in highly-colored floral varieties, they will sometimes approach so close to land as to tie their eggs to the stems of sea weeds within a few feet of low water spring tides.

The process of life in this family, like that in other sharks, is somewhat on the same conditions as that of the higher vertebrata, except that in the final act the female produces leather-like sacs or eggs which descend from the oviducts in pairs, one from the right and the other from the left side (all the organs of reproduction in male and female being double). In form these eggs are not unlike a mason's hand-barrow; they are about four inches long, with tendrils attached, each of which is about four feet in length. These fibres, which are as fine as catgut at the ends, and as stout as whipcord at the base, are for mooring the sacs to strong sea-weeds or corals. And as these are generally attached in shallow water the string is a splendid one for holding them in position through all the vicissitudes of our stormy winters. On being opened and thrown into a basin their appearance is just like that of fowls' eggs; the yolk being yellow and surrounded with albumen, so that it would be difficult to tell the one from the other.

Mr. F. Day states that in the Concarneau reservoir the young took nine months to hatch from the egg. Couch has observed the young ready for hatching in April and May, and I have more than once seen them ready for swimming in March. One thrown on our coast in a storm in March, 1896, was longer than the case, with its head turned around and down the purse; while the tail slightly protruded at the vent end. These facts point to the probability that exact time has little to do with the final exit, and that the young use the purse for conven-

ience and shelter until a favorable temperature and quiet weather arrive. As these eggs seem to be voided in the summer and early autumn, there cannot be much doubt that in most cases their time of development is from eight to nine months.

In June, 1896, I took two eggs from a female nurse-hound; they were almost perfect, and no doubt would have been deposited in July. Before assuming mimicry the color of these fishes on the sandy slopes of the ocean is light brown, shading off to a still lighter color on the belly. The back and sides are interspersed with large dark spots. In approaching the land for this most interesting of purposes their course can be scarcely called a migration, but rather a gradual wandering towards a certain destination. In their course they take great care of their individuality by coloring themselves in keeping with the grounds they may pass over. On bare rocky ridges they assume a reddish-brown hue, still further darkening it as they move into lighter and shallower water. But when the laminarian area is reached, their mimicry is complete, for here they put on a deep chocolate color, and so dark is this last coat that it almost obliterates the black mottled spots on their skins; hence, the blending of this shade with the fronds of the marine forest is almost perfect.

Their enemies appear to be the great crab (*Cancer pagurus*) and the craw fish (*Cancer homarus*) and all the black congers; for when coming towards the shore for this purpose the sharks invade all their home associations; so they, jealous of the purpose of these new arrivals, and being naturally short-tempered, no doubt set on them in no uncertain manner; for it is known that congers will bite viciously, even at each other, out of mere spite, so that there can be no doubt as to what they will do when troubled with inno-

vating strangers; and, as both of these creatures are decidedly night feeders, they must often come in contact with each other.

Couch seems to have been the first naturalist to notice the changing of colors in fishes, for in volume I, page 2, he states that "such of them as wander on more open grounds are of a lighter color, in conformity with a law of nature in fishes by which they assume an intensity of tint corresponding with the grounds they frequent."

These fish must possess a bad character among the marine inhabitants of the sea; it is a question whether the family has not poisonous habits, for the least drop of water falling from them on any of the edible fishes will impart a white spot, and several drops will give a mottled and uncanny appearance. Lacapède mentions the case of a whole family being poisoned by eating the livers of one of these fishes. I have also noticed that fishermen, after eating fish of this family, especially when very fresh, will sometimes have a red and irritated appearance in the face and neck. Moreover, this fish has a skin that all must remember who come in contact with it, for it is very objectionable; and its spines, which are embedded in it, are so close and sharp that a rasp, with its raised parts sharpened to represent dull needles, would barely represent its irritating and cutting power.

Again, the moment these sharks are touched by an enemy they twine themselves around the aggressor, and with a contracting and reversed action of the body, grate the surface with these wretched spines. These motions severely lacerate the enemy, and generally take away its surroundings with it. In fact, when dried, the skins of these creatures are used by polishers as a substitute for glass-paper, and will rasp wood or alabaster; they will even cut iron or silver. Coopers in

Truro, Cornwall, called it rubskin, and stated that a pound of it was worth a hundredweight of glass- or sand-paper.

These families are the only fish I am acquainted with that can shut their eyes at will. This is done by raising the lower lid. The largest forms are to be found among the females, which often stretch to about five feet. They will feed well on crabs, cuttles, worms, holothurians, and most small fishes. When these fail they do not hesitate to devour whelks. We may thus guess the power of their jaws; evidently they can break up these massive univalves as easily as a youngster can crack nuts; for I have several times found quantities of their operculums in the stomachs of these sharks, and when these are digested they leave a quantity of black oil there. On June 21st, 1898, I opened two nurse-hounds caught 25 miles south of Deadman Headland, Cornwall. One had operculum plates of 26 whelks in its stomach, beside several large worms. The other had several holothurians and crabs in it.

These fish are generally caught by conger fishermen in the night, and the bait suitable for one is generally taken by the other. The crabbers, as a rule, use them as bait.

No mention is made by either Couch, Buckland or Day, of their having a lateral line, but on cutting across their sides two very decided lines are found in the skin.

I shall next treat of

THE BLUE SHARK (*Squalus glaucus*).

The home of the blue shark is generally in the warm waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In the summer months a few are found scattered over the North Atlantic. Their extreme limit seems to be the Orkney Islands, which they reach late in August. Their food is mostly the surface-feeding fishes; although, if hungry, they will

hunt into the depths of the sea, attacking many varieties existing there, such as the gurnards and congers; and if these are scarce they will not despise eating the living shells found on the sea bottom; for I have more than once seen the operculum of the common whelk in their stomachs.

In these northern latitudes it is rare to see them more than ten feet in length; although no doubt there are some which swim in these waters larger than this. One from the English coasts, preserved in the British Museum, is eleven feet long; and Couch records one of fourteen feet. Day, in his great work on "The Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland," states that in the more southern waters they sometimes attain to the length of twenty-five feet; and Gunther remarks that individuals of twelve and fifteen feet are of common occurrence, and that the genus are closely allied to *Corax Hemipristis*, of the chalk and tertiary formations. That we do not see the largest forms which visit our waters seems probable from the fact that it is nothing uncommon to hear of large sharks swallowing the bait and in their violence breaking the lines of the fishermen. In fact, some years ago, I was once in this unfortunate position. It was on a fine morning in August, just before sunrise, when one of these massive monsters took my bait. I knew my line and hook were good—more than I could break with all my strength. In the contest the creature took the line from me again and again, but by continued efforts I managed each time to turn it back towards the boat, and to increase the length of line at my feet. I was fishing on the starboard quarter near the stern; and my companion, a stout six-foot man of twenty years, was asleep in the cuddy. In the midst of the battle, by much shouting, I got him to understand my position; and just as the

beast came in sight of the boat he came back, gaff in hand, and there was this monster sheering off and along by her side, and working its white nictitating membrane off and on its eyes, with a fury little understood unless actually seen. "Now is your time, Joe, it's a beauty; give him your weight," I shouted; but instead of doing this he turned his terror-stricken face on me and whispered "It's the Devil himself. I cannot touch him;" and leaving the gaff by my side he darted back into the cuddy and shut the door. Now I knew my work; but what was one man in battling with and mastering such a mass of concentrated energy? By main force I dragged it alongside, and nipped the line under the cleat with one hand, and gaffed at him with the other; but the moment I touched the beast he took the line from me, when I had to drop the gaff and nip the line with both hands. The strain, however, was too much for my gear; and with a violent wrench he broke the line and was off.

At the entrance of the English Channel, the boldness and violence of these sharks in the warmer months of the year must always be considered by all drift mackerel fishermen. Consequently the nets have to be watched with great care, and, no matter what amount of fish may be going into them, with the first sign of sharks the nets must be hauled in at once; for the moment these brutes see the fish they are sure to attack them, and woe betide the nets when this happens, for, with the first snap, so sharp are their teeth, net and fish are brought away together, and both are quickly swallowed. I have more than once known a fleet of 100 sail of fishing boats, with a total crew of 500 men, driven off the sea and compelled to relinquish a paying mackerel fishing by the persistent violence of these creatures.

Take the story of the master of one

of these crafts, who had to retreat before their hungry fury:—

Not long since we had made a fair spring mackerel fishery and hoped to have carried it on successfully to the end; but with June these sharks began to increase, and the outside boats complained bitterly of the ravages they were making with their nets. As the month advanced it was found they approached still nearer to the shore; and the deeper boats found—although mackerel were in fair quantities—they should have no nets left worth keeping if they continued the fishery; and so one after another dropped off, until only a few of us were left. It is true we had fairly well escaped their onslaught by keeping on the inside of the fleet, but at last our turn came. On the night of the 10th of June we had set our nets about ten miles S. E. from the Lizard. It was splendid weather, with a fine breeze from the N. W. when about eleven o'clock the winch was rigged and we began to haul the nets. The moon was over a week old, and was shining brightly in the western sky when we got the boat end of the net on board. I was anxiously looking along the slightly tinged phosphorescent net to see if any mackerel was meshed in it, and felt disappointed at seeing none, when something under me attracted my attention; on looking intently down some two or three feet under water I saw the outline of a blue shark, possibly some eight or nine feet long.

As there was no mackerel in the net it did not trouble me, believing that harm could only come to it when the creature saw the fish in it. We were pulling in our gear as fast as possible, when to my surprise I saw the brute deliberately dart at the net and bite it as if out of sheer malice. This was too much for me to accept. In a moment I stepped across the boat; and, seizing the boat hook which had a long sharp iron point at the end of it, I darted down with all my force on its

back between the head and dorsal fin. Evidently this was a new sensation from a new source; for in a moment there was some excitement in the sea, and then the shark was quickly away. I have thought since, if the story told by Professor Kollicker of the Naples Marine Laboratory is true, that sharks can talk to each other;² what a wonderful tale this fish must have had to tell its fellows when relating this night's adventure; and what a character he must have given this obtrusive double-eyed demon who had descended on him from the starry regions above, and who, with but the touch of the tip of his fin or finger, had almost taken the life from his body;—for he saw me strike the blow.

I had hoped this would have finished our night's work with this fraternity; but I was disappointed. The first sight of mackerel I had was a broken one which had been pulled out of the mouth of a shark, and the next, and several besides. On this we put out the shark line with a massive chain hook attached, baited with two pieces of mackerel, and the gaff (an oak bar about four feet long with iron of the size of the finger, shaped into a hook and attached to it by the blacksmith) was got ready; and in less than five minutes a shark was fast to the line. Now there was no doubt or difficulty about the work. In an instant two hands were at the line and two others stood by the gaff; and when it came to the water line, in a minute it was, "Stand clear," and the beast of about seven feet was tumbled into the boat. A heavy blow on the nose with a hake bat, and all was quiet. The line was quickly out again, and then the nets almost flew on board the boat; for mackerel were now in the nets and it was a question who should have them, men or sharks; but instantly there was another shark fast; and the same adventures were gone through; and after the nets were dragged with violence into the boat; and again the line was dropped into the sea, baited as before:

² Prof. Kollicker, wrapped in a diving suit, in an iron cage lit by electricity, has been down to the bottom of the Mediterranean, and with the aid of a phonograph registered the expression of

surprise in fishes. He is satisfied that the noises made by some fishes, including sharks, will yet be recognized as a language.

and soon another shark was fast to it, but this third was a massive beast, and in the struggle it broke the line, and here we lost our only shark hook.

In a few words, we decided to pay no more attention to the sharks but to pull in the nets as if for dear life, and all went at it with a will, the crew changing berths at every ten nets, and thus all getting a taste of the hardest work. It was mine to be at the leech of the net at the last ten. We had a few hundreds of mackerel on board but the havoc made by the sharks was dreadful. All the cut and broken fish I dropped at my feet. When there were only three or four nets more to haul I shouted "Avast heaving," determining to have another turn with these thieves. I then took up the broken mackerel and stowed them along the sides of the boat, and when she was quite still I began to drop them into the sea in a perpendicular line about two feet apart. I had not been doing this more than a few minutes when I saw a shark, and every now and then it coolly turned on its side and took in each piece as it came. I then took the gaff and stood waiting for it to come up and take the last piece, when about a foot under water. At the right moment I planted the gaff under its choke and lifted with all my might, and went backwards with all my weight; but only about a third of its length came over the gunwale; the light of our lantern shone full in its face; and here we were looking viciously at each other, its jaws snapping rather ominously, for the gaff was a little low, while the water was lashed to spray with its tail.

I held on to it like grim death, not guessing how the battle was to end, when my brother rushed forward and put his arms around its body; and with a pull the shark came *holos bolos* into the boat. Then it was "Stand clear, all"; and each of the crew, seizing a weapon, did his best to close the scene,

when several heavy blows on the nose gave it its quietus. The next morning we were rather surprised to find that the brute had actually bitten a piece clean out of the fittings of the boat. The creature proved to be over eight feet long. This ended our season's work.

As the summer advances some of the pilchards, which spend their winter and spring in the English Channel, in moving westward, are generally off the coasts of Cornwall in August. Here they come in contact with these water pirates, who follow them towards the land, worrying and feeding on them as they go; and here the wretched business of tearing and eating the pilchard nets is often gone through, something on the same lines as is done with the mackerel nets.

When the pilchards are fairly on the Cornish coast, as a rule, the sharks keep on the outer edge of them; and if badly beset they will sometimes rush into the bays and keep there, the sharks seldom following them in any quantities, for the blue shark will not remain long inside of twenty-five fathoms of water.*

Sometimes, when the fishermen are dissatisfied with the inshore fishery, they will push out into deep water, and endeavor to take stock of what pilchards are in the wider seas. It is on these occasions that the fisherman will sometimes get what he never expected. It was in a case like this that the master of the "Galatea," in the summer of 1895, caught twenty-five of these monsters. The crew declared to me there would have been no difficulty in their catching another such lot if they were of any money value; and although there were pilchards there,

* When troubled with parasites, single individuals will sometimes rush to the shore to rub them off on the sharp rocks. In August, 1885, from the old Pier Head, Mevagissey, in the early morning I saw a blue shark of about seven feet pass in and out, which no doubt had been

on this mission. And in September, 1890, William Husband caught a blue shark, six feet long, close to Mevagissey new pier, which no doubt was on the same errand. I saw it alive in our fish market when it had been out of the water only a few minutes.

this fact stopped all fishing in that direction.

On another such occasion I was on board a fishing boat which went some six miles south of the Deadman Headland. Pilchards were fairly plentiful; and as no sharks were seen, and fish were entering the nets, they were left out to have the result of the morning twilight on them. With the rising sun, down in the bright clear water, a shark of about nine feet long made its appearance; and as there were plenty of pilchards in the net, and several were dropping out of it, this autocrat of the deep arose to the occasion, and seemed content to receive the sinking dead pilchards as his share of the night's work. And so satisfied was it with its own arrangements that it never once attempted to bite one fish in the net. The sight on that bright summer morning I shall never forget, with the calm crystal sea, and the nets with the fish coming up as from a seeming interminable depth, shining like a sheet of silver; and the sun in all its splendor giving new hues and shades of color to all moving life; while this massive creature was swimming around us in its sometimes violent, or graceful, attitudes, often close to us, and occasionally waiting so still, with its great eyes looking thoughtfully at the net and us; and waiting patiently for the dropping pilchards, as if quite comprehending our fishing purposes and all else that was going on.

Then came in our wonder, if pilchards were absent and one of us were to fall into the sea, what the result would be, as no amount of fish seemed to satisfy its maw. So, knowing the cruel and desperate nature of these sharks, I finally determined, if I had the opportunity, to bring its violent and murderous actions to an end. As I had no line on board equal to holding such a brute, some other method of capture had to be thought of; and this

second mode of procedure soon came to the front; for as time went on, the more pilchards it ate the bolder it was. At last it became so free as to come to the surface and take the fish as they slid out of the net. And here was my chance to try and capture the intruder by hand with a gaff, as it came forward to seize the fish. Soon I had ready a strong stout article, with a fork-shaped end as a handle; and as two pilchards dropped out of the net together, quite on the surface, it desired to get both at once. In making the final move it found they were too far apart for one grip; and while it hesitated I put the gaff with all my strength across its throat. Such an act was something to be remembered; for, although on the surface, it was rather far out for doing my best, and I could do nothing more than instantly drag it alongside and hold on. Fortunately, the boat was dandy-rigged, with a stout single shroud fastened to her side; and I was standing on the beam thwart when I struck the gaff into the shark. Its first act after this great fright was to twist itself violently around; and when I felt how strong it was I allowed the gaff to revolve, while the water from its fins fell on us as if from a shower bath; but I managed to keep to the gaff with both hands, my arms one on each side of the shroud, and with my breast resting against it. I certainly should not have been able to sustain myself but for this help.

Now the excitement on board the boat was intense, the crew coming instantly to my assistance, and with the boat's tiller and other long cudgels striking it as best they could, the gaff whirling as if by machinery all the time. When the battle was about half over I thought the beast was a little exhausted, and with both hands pressed my whole strength on the gaff, but I could not stay it for a moment; and months after I felt the result of

this net in my left thumb. Finally, some heavy raps on the nose finished it, and we drew it into the boat and found it was just nine feet long.

In calm summer weather it is not an uncommon thing to see these sharks gently gliding through the sea with the tip of the tail and dorsal fin out of the water. Possibly this is their sleeping attitude, for I think there can be no doubt now that they only sleep with one eye at a time, as they seem to have a dual existence. This can easily be seen by any one who has the opportunity and a sharp knife, when it will be found that the nerves of the body on the right side converge on the lateral line instead of on the spinal cord; and the same fact may be seen also on the left side.⁴ And, as these two lateral lines are each in touch with the brain through the tenth cranial nerve, a double individuality is apparent.⁵ This accounts for this species of shark following ships at sea for weeks together without any seeming rest for sleeping purposes.

Their mimicry is used more as a means of getting near their prey than as a protection from their enemies, which seem to be only parasites and the porbeagle sharks.

The water at the entrance of the English Channel, at times, varies very much in color, generally through the variety of diatomacea present in it, giving many shades in blue, green and olive.

Of course the color of this shark is deep blue on the back, and white on the belly; but in water with a green or olive tinge, a green or olive hue is assumed with its blue and white, thus making the creature in olive or green water difficult to be seen. When on the

warpath by night it can display an artifice equal, if not superior, to that of any known mimetical creature; for it certainly can personify all the impenetrable shades connected with obscurity and darkness.

On ordinary occasions, in the night, the least display of action or force in the sea by almost any creature will excite such activities in all the infusorial circles that the water will look as if alive with luminous light. But in the case of the blue shark, when hunting the ocean by night for its prey, this is not so. So mysteriously can they hide themselves—when surrounded by all the conditions of this phosphoric splendor—that there can be nothing seen of their massive proportions but the tips of their dorsal and caudal fins; so that a shark eight feet long and three feet in circumference would only appear like a bit of tape, the breadth of the finger and four feet long, being drawn through the water.

These sharks aroused some interest in the late Mr. Frank Buckland, who more than once declared to me that he would come to Cornwall and catch one of them on a fishing rod; but when discussing the nature and strength of this article we could never agree as to its length and size. But had he lived a little longer, no doubt he would have caused some excitement in London amateur fishing circles by describing the adventures, violence and mystery associated with catching blue sharks on a rod.

One thing in connection with these sharks has, for some time, been a surprise to me; and that is, that with all the emulation and desire there is in the exuberant life of young England to get rare sport, the blue shark has never been thought of.

⁴ One of our greatest ichthyological authorities intimates that the only use of the lateral line is for supplying the skin with mucus. As the skin of sharks needs no mucus, the lateral line should be absent here, but the line is very prominent in all sharks.

⁵ In all kinds of sharks that I am acquainted with the reproductive organs in male and female are dual, and the eggs or young ones are always voided in pairs.

I will now notice

THE PICKED DOG (*Acanthias vulgaris*).

These, though amongst the smallest of British sharks, seldom reaching above four feet in length, are the most persistent and violent of all the family. Although generally each one acts for itself, in great emergencies they are gregarious, sometimes swimming in shoals of hundreds of thousands; and when they are in this form woe betide the object of their attack!

Fortunately for our longshore fisheries, they are restless and discontented in clear shallow water, and are never comfortable unless the sea they swim in is over twenty fathoms deep; although they will commit every kind of depredation in its very surface. But in and after storms, when the water is foul, they may be found very near the land. Their teeth are closely set and very sharp, their bite being as clean as if cut with a razor. This is known to all the whiting fishermen of Devon and Cornwall; and it is not an uncommon thing, when the men are on this work, for them to be surrounded by these sharks, which will attack the fish on the lines and destroy them; and on taking the fisherman's bait, so certain is their nip that they will cut the hooks from the line as fast as they can be put on, until his store is exhausted, and often the fishing has to be given up in consequence.

From the year 1875 to 1881 our southern waters were fairly free from these vermin; but since then, in some seasons, our fishermen have been put to their wits' end in battling with them. Not long ago these sharks were known to be in vast masses, stretching along the coasts from five to fifteen miles out, keeping close to the bottom of the sea. In the autumn, when the usual migration of the pilchards into the English Channel began, the first night the fishermen tried to intercept them

some miles to the east of the Eddystone Lighthouse, all were surprised at the audacity of these dogs. They came in thousands round every boat, disputing its right to the pilchards in the net, even rising around the floats and snapping at them. Those fishermen who were not expecting evil, not only had all their fish stolen but had their nets sadly bitten and torn with the sharks' spines. With the fishermen who had early discovered their presence, a desperate battle began at once; they dragging in their nets as if their lives depended on the act, while the dogs crowded around them in thousands, seizing the pilchards as they were drawn out of the water, and in their hungry haste allowing themselves to be pulled into the boat rather than lose the mouthful they had taken. In this single night many fishermen had some of their new nets entirely destroyed; and as large shoals of pilchards were now in the neighborhood, it was difficult to know what to do to avoid these dog-fish.

Evening is incomparably the best time for catching pilchards in nets, as the vast shoals then scatter themselves over the ocean for feeding purposes, their food being generally minute crustaceans, which show phosphoric lights. When rushing after these scintillating brilliants they easily get entangled. All this seems to be well known to the sharks, for at these times they are the most active. On the occasion I have mentioned they became at last so violent that this important period for fishing had to be entirely given over to these freebooters. The fishermen's next step was to cruise the ocean over by day in search of shoals of pilchards (their neighborhood is often indicated by the falling of gannets and the presence of masses of other sea birds), and, if they fell in with the fish, to set their nets as close to them as possible and await results.

This proved to be a most uncertain and precarious mode of fishing. It was like a lottery; where one boat was successful four or five missed the fish.

Finally, even in this manner of fishing the men were baffled and deceived by the hungry violence of the sharks, for, when cruising some ten miles to the S.E. of the Eddystone, they fell in with what appeared to be vast masses of pilchards, coloring the water red in large patches, and scattered here and there over several square miles;* so the hopes of all ran high that good catches of pilchards would be made once more, and they instantly set their nets among them. Judge of their surprise and disappointment on looking into them to find that, while some shoals were pilchards, others were packs of these hated dogs which had now taken to hunting pilchards by day. The men who were so unfortunate as to put their nets down between the dogs and the pilchards had fishing with a vengeance; for the dogs in their baffled rage rushed into the nets and carried them by sheer force to the sea bottom, tearing and destroying them. This last act finally settled the matter; the fishery had to be instantly abandoned and the ocean left to the supremacy of the dogs.

While this was going on, the Plymouth trawlers, seeing the gulls and gannets, and knowing that good trawl-fish often abound where shoals of pilchards congregate, also tried this neighborhood; but they also soon learnt to their sorrow that the sharks were far too strong for them to cope with; for the trawls on being drawn up were found full of them, and as the fishermen had no gear equal to hoisting the mass on board, the bag had to be cut through and all allowed to go free. In fact they sometimes keep together in such masses that one stormy winter, in Mevagissey Bay, some fishermen

earned fair wages by catching them for manure, and selling them to the farmers at twopence per score. Two men have been known to load a small boat with them in three hours. Their line was only six feet long, armed with stout brass wire about a foot above the hook to prevent it from being bitten off. The bait was part of another dog-fish.

Like most other fishes, these sharks are very susceptible to sound. Regarding this fact, a singular circumstance happened in a fishing boat, the crew of which was composed of beach-combers and other stray hands picked up for a night or two's fishing in fine weather. The master of the boat was an intelligent man and well acquainted with the habits of these sharks; the hands were ignorant and superstitious. One night they had been watching the pilchards by the aid of the phosphorescent light of the sea (at such times they are as easily seen as the stars in the sky, but a thousand times more plentiful), yet they were afraid to put their nets among them in the night on account of the sharks; but with the first streaks of light in the eastern sky they quickly threw their nets out among the pilchards, hoping that quantities of fish would go into the nets quickly, and that with the daylight the mass of pilchards in the sea, on ceasing to feed, would drop down near the bottom, enticing the sharks to follow, and leave alone their nets and fish, which they could take out at their leisure. The plan was found to be unsuccessful as far as the sharks were concerned. The pilchards had meshed satisfactorily and the sharks swarmed around the boat and nets in masses. Finally, the struggle became a heavy one as to who should have the pilchards, the men or the dogs. Just as the sun became visible above the horizon the end of the net was hauled on board the boat, and the battle was over,

* All fish in masses when near the surface of the sea show a dull red color.

success being rather on the side of the men.

The sharks, which had been increasing around the boat every minute, were now present in thousands, breaking the water with their tails and fins. The mass of them was fully three hundred yards in circumference. At this moment, the master, knowing the susceptibility of the sharks to concussive sound, and also the ignorance of the men, determined to play the latter a practical joke. First, looking sternly at the sharks, and then turning to his men, he said "It's time for these dogs to leave." He saw in an instant that the men did not comprehend him. Then he took a piece of wood, and, standing in a prominent place near the side of the boat and holding the wood high in the air, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Hear, oh ye dogs! It's time for ye all to go home." As he finished the last words he struck the side of the boat violently with the wood. Instantly there was a sheet of broken water and every dog was gone. The master himself has told me he will never forget the look of wonder on the faces of his men; and to this day they believe he has some strange power over these sharks.

In scanning the fishes of the sea, it seems to be a fact that nature is abundant in the reproduction of fishes useful to man, while she is sparing in providing for the increase of creatures which are useless to him and which only prey on his food fishes. Even when these sharks through favorable conditions become excessive in numbers, Nature again provides another balance for keeping them in order, by investing them with cannibal habits; for there can be no doubt that in times of difficulty, when food becomes scarce, they quickly turn and devour each other. This is often seen by our fishermen, when they are working their long line, and dogs are plentiful.

Although the line may be only out a short time it is not an uncommon thing to find the skeletons of dogs on the hook, clearly showing that they have been eating each other alive; for there is no mistaking their teeth marks. Hence the reason why our fishermen have such considerable periods of rest from their ravages.

Outside of themselves, their greatest enemy is the porbeagle shark. These massive creatures, with their large incisive teeth, devour them without mercy, notwithstanding their defensive spines. And here their mimicry, which is of a very decided order, comes to their assistance. Being generally night feeders, in the darkness they are always protected by her sable garments, when they assume a dead rock blue color on the back and sides, and a dull white on the belly. But in the daylight when resting on the gray sandy sea bottom, they put on an indefinite light blue color, approaching a gray, so that in the uncertain light of the deep water they are almost hidden from their enemies. When in this condition, if hunger presses them, and they have to hunt for food, in this guise they can easily approach their prey.

Sharks and skates, in some phases of their life in the sea, are not unlike those animals on the land which propagate their species by selection and congress. Evidently the horns of the bull, the hoofs of the horse, the spurs of the cock, and the claws of the cat, are weapons supplied by Nature to enable the stronger more easily to push their claims over the weak and degenerate in seeking association with the gentler sex. And the tough skin of these various animals is to help them to bear more easily the brunt of the onslaught in this determined strife. As before intimated, the propagation of sharks and skates is also by congress, as in the case of the higher vertebrata. This introduces conditions of existence

very different from those of the ordinary fishes, whom Nature yearly invests with burthens of eggs and spermatozoa for continuing their race; and whose only desire under certain promptings is to eject them somewhere quietly in the sea. But this higher form of procreation brings with it selection, preferment, sexual affinities and endearments, with their purposes, desires, passions and violence. Thus the males of the skates have sharp teeth and rows of sharp thorns near the head and fins, and a tail as flexible as a whip, which is almost covered with sharp spines. These are used with vehemence, when necessary, by

the strong in asserting their masculine claims over the exhausted and the effete.

These strong weapons are seen also in most of the sharks. Among them are the teeth of the porbeagle, the spines of the dog-fish, and the rasping sides of the hounds. And as to the skin with which Nature has provided both these families for bearing the shock of this maleficence, it is a tough article indeed, and is generally equal to the occasion. With our horse soldiers I am led to believe that shark's skin is the only article that will stand the rub of certain portions of their accoutrements.

The Contemporary Review.

Matthias Dunn.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS.

Everybody knows Froude's. Our bow-windows have looked out upon the Strand for a longer time than is covered by any man's memory, and we have become a part of history. Yet our own history is written, not in printed books, but in ledgers. The unwritten motto of the house is "silence and discretion." Our office is the temple of silence, broken by hardly the ring of a coin; the smooth faces and gray hair of our partners and clerks are stamped with the hall-mark of discretion. We are playfully accused of keeping our new young men concealed in the strong-room till time has imparted to them the Froude bouquet and color. Whatever be the maturing process, our clerks show a cheerful contentment, and sons, and again their sons, wear out frock-coats and blunt razors in Froude's service long before grandsires have reconciled themselves to a well-paid retirement.

No authorized history of the bank has ever been written, although such a his-

tory would form not uninteresting reading. Our books bear the signatures of kings and queens, princes and peers of every degree and every country. There have been occasions when the credit, even the honor, of the loftiest personages have hung upon Froude's silence and Froude's cash. It is a great thing to be a banker. We know, as few can know, that the highest are as human as the lowest. Yet even I need to learn this lesson over and over again. A duke is still to me a duke, not a man with a ducal label. My respect rises automatically with the rank of my customer until it culminates before the awful presence of a king. The weakness is so common that this confession carries no shame.

The books of Froude's are full of stories in skeleton, and now that I have retired I may tell one or two discreetly, so that the naked truth may not be revealed.

One morning, many years ago, Mr. Cobbett, of the respectable firm of Cob-

bett & Saunderson, solicitors, was shown into my parlor. He was a hearty, full-blown man, whom the atmosphere of Bedford Row had failed to wither.

"Mr. Froude," said he, more loudly than one speaks in the bank, "do I see you well? Yes? Wealth, an active liver, and plenty to do, are grand specifics. Give me these, and I will dispense with wisdom. It has always seemed to me that your professional wise man is little better than a fully-developed prig."

"Quite so," I observed drily. "You have business with me?"

"I have. Very good business too. You know Duke Frederick of Schwartzberg?"

I furtively took up the "*Almanach de Gotha*," a work only less necessary in our business than Dod's "*Peerage*."

"He has but recently succeeded his brother Duke Ernest," I remarked. "As Frederick, heir-presumptive to the dukedom, he had an account with us. Shall I call a clerk?"

"Please do."

I instructed a clerk, and while we awaited his return my visitor favored me with conversation.

"Duke Ernest was a queer old stick, ten years or more older than this fellow Frederick, who is fifty or so."

"Fifty-three," I put in.

"Exactly. You are a miracle of accuracy, Mr. Froude. Fifty-three he is, and as lively as a youngster of three-and-twenty. For a *bonâ fide* reigning sovereign he is as pleasant a man as one could wish to meet. 'Cobbett,' he said to me yesterday, 'put this job through for me, and I will make you a Knight of the Golden Sceptre.' I shall have to hide the Order in my plate-chest, unless the Queen allows me to wear it, but Mrs. Cobbett will be entranced. The sceptre carries with it the title of Graf, and my wife will rank herself as a countess at the

least." The man bellowed with laughter.

"I suppose that the Schwartzbergs are related to our Royal Family?" I said, bending over the "*Almanach*."

"No. It is almost the only German reigning house which is not. Ernest was not a marrying man; he thought too much of saving money. The old miser had a net revenue—a Civil List we should call it—of seventy thousand pounds a year, and did not spend twenty thousand. In thirty years he saved at least a million and a half, and with interest his personality must have panned out at two millions."

I was greatly impressed.

"Two millions sterling! Does the present Duke propose to deposit this sum with us?"

Mr. Cobbett stared.

"Bless you, no! Duke Ernest did not leave him a penny. All the money went to a young beggar called Wilhelm Oppenheimer, son of Countess Oppenheimer and—"

"And her husband?" said I delicately.

"She never had a husband."

"Oh!" I observed. "And that is why Duke Ernest did not marry?"

"One can only suppose so. In Schwartzberg they call young Oppenheimer *Son Altesse Anonyme*."

At this moment the clerk entered.

"The Hereditary Prince Frederick of Schwartzberg," said he, "has a balance of £243 13s. 2d."

"Thank you; that will do."

"And Frederick, Duke of Schwartzberg," remarked Mr. Cobbett when the clerk had retired, "desires to increase his balance to £100,243 13s. 2d."

"He wants us to lend him £100,000."

"Exactly."

"The security?"

"His life-interest in the revenues of the duchy, which, as I have told you, amount to at least £70,000 a year."

"He will find the loan rather expensive."

"Why so? You will not charge more than five per cent.?"

"No; but we shall require a policy on his life for more than £100,000 as collateral security. This will cost him another five per cent., so that the Duke must expect to set aside at least £10,000 a year as the cost of the loan."

"You want the life-policy to repay automatically your advance when the Duke dies?"

"Quite so. But for the policy we should have no security for anything beyond the annual interest during Duke Frederick's life."

"He is willing to pay."

"Well," I said, "if he is willing to pay, and the insurance companies are willing to accept his life, and his revenues can be so mortgaged that we can be down upon them in case of any default, the bank will not make any difficulty."

"So I thought, Mr. Froude, and so I told His Highness," replied Mr. Cobbett, rising, and shaking me painfully by the hand. "You will hear from me again on the subject. Good day to you, Mr. Froude."

A few days later the solicitor returned to me and to the subject of Duke Frederick.

"Mr. Froude," cried he, producing a paper, "here is a proposal for an insurance of £150,000 which the Duke has signed with his own royal hand."

"And the company?"

"The Paragon," said he—"sound as the Bank, and enterprising as a suburban builder. A first-class office. I should know because—this is sacred as between priest and sinner—I am an agent of the company myself."

"So you will be paid a commission by the company for the policy, and another by the Duke for getting the loan?" I observed, not without admiration.

"It is a way we have," he answered, smiling.

The Paragon Life Office is an institution of unimpeachable credit, and I was quite willing to receive its policy.

"Get me their acceptance of the risk," I said, "and we will complete at once."

When the Duke of Schwartzberg signed a proposal for insurance, he entered into a personal pledge that his habits of life were temperate in every respect, and that his health was good. The ordinary insurer not only signs a declaration of this sort, but submits himself to the test of medical examination. In the case, however, of kings and princes, and such unapproachable personages, a company is usually satisfied with what I may venture to call their "public form." Millions of pounds sterling are staked by British insurance institutions on the lives of royal beings upon no other evidence. "Public form" is not untrustworthy in these days of newspapers, when more is known by common report of the health and constitutions of prominent persons than the keenest doctor could discover during five minutes' thumping and listening. The Duke of Schwartzberg had gone beyond precedent in giving a personal declaration at all, and I made no doubt that the insurance company would willingly accept him. I therefore looked upon the transaction as practically settled, and gave instructions to the bank solicitors to draft a formal bond.

The eminent firm of Gatepaths, which has marched beside Froude's as its legal guardian for uncounted generations, was not pleased.

"I do not like these foreign revenues," said old John Gatepath. "How is one to foreclose on them in case of default? One cannot seize Schloss Schwartzberg; the act might get us into difficulties with the garrison, as well as supply a *casus belli* to this new and self-conscious German Empire. You have really no security beyond the

Duke's word, and I would not risk eighteenpence on that."

"Come, come," I said—"the honor of a reigning prince is at least worth a crown."

John Gatepath smiled at the pleasantry.

"Have your way, Froude. I will do my best to make the deed watertight, but don't blame me if the bottom falls out."

So matters stood when the noisy Mr. Cobbett paid me his third visit.

"Look there, Mr. Froude," he shouted—"look at that letter!"

I took up a document which he cast upon my table. The directors of the Paragon Company were deeply honored by His Highness the Duke of Schwartzberg's gracious proposal and would be proud to meet his Highness's wishes, provided that the other offices with whom it would be necessary to share so considerable a risk were equally accommodating. It was the kind of reply which I had anticipated.

"This is all right," I said, "as far as it goes."

"It goes a good way," observed Mr. Cobbett.

"Some little distance," I answered cautiously.

"Money is rather cheap just now," the solicitor remarked rather irrelevantly, "and bankers cannot easily employ their funds."

"Froude's has no difficulty," said I.

"But even Froude's likes to get more than two per cent."

"Froude's can often get ten."

"The deuce you can! By Jove! why was I not born a banker?"

"I have almost been wishing lately that kind fate had designed me for the law."

"Ha! ha!" roared Mr. Cobbett. "You are thinking of the Paragon's commission?"

"I had thought of it."

"Come, Mr. Froude, let us get to

business. The Duke wants some money at once."

I took up the Paragon Company's letter, but made no other answer.

"He thinks that an advance might be made pending completion."

"We shall make no trouble about a hundred or two."

"A hundred or two! He wants £20,000 to-day."

"Confound the Duke!" I answered crossly. "Why cannot he await the ordinary process of business?"

"It seems that he can't. You know what imperious creatures these toy autocrats are. The man is even now at your doors in a four-wheeled cab."

I rose up in amazement.

"The Duke of Schwartzberg—at the bank door—in a four-wheeled cab! He must be shown into a proper room at once."

I rang my bell, greatly agitated.

"No, no—not the Duke; his equerry, Count Sonnenschein."

My feelings were inexpressibly relieved. Accustomed as I am to lofty personages, the thought of a reigning Duke waiting my pleasure in a stuffy London cab filled me with intolerable embarrassment.

"Sonnenschein is waiting for £20,000 in gold," said Mr. Cobbett, "and he won't be happy till he gets it."

Never is princely rank of more value than when its owner goes a-borrowing. I tried to jerk out an uncompromising "No," but my respectful British tongue refused the negative. In fact, I was in a mighty difficulty. It is not unusual for banks to make small advances in the course of negotiations for an important loan, and my instinctive objection in this case was entirely on the score of amount. I would have handed the Duke's equerry without hesitation as much as £2,000, and it seemed a failure of respect to boggle over the additional cipher.

"I believe the Duke wants the ad-

vance in gold," said Mr. Cobbett, with his eyes upon me.

"In gold!" I groaned. "Is Froude's the Bank of England? Does he know that £20,000 in gold weighs close on four hundredweight?"

"I believe the Count Sonnenschein has brought an adequate sack."

"If I do this, where is my receipt?"

"I am authorized to hand you the Duke's personal acknowledgment."

The Duke's lofty rank played the mischief with my judgment. I declare that, had he been anything less, the equerry might have sat in his cab until the police removed him for a nuisance before I satisfied the hunger of that adequate sack. My mistake was great, so great that only my partners and myself could appreciate its magnitude, and only my partners could fully express their appreciation in words.

"He shall have notes in return for the acknowledgment," I said at length, "and his confounded equerry may go to the Bank of England for his gold. He can fill his adequate sack with bars or sovereigns or German coins, whichever he pleases."

"German coin will, perhaps, be most useful," said Mr. Cobbett calmly.

Events up to this point, although rapid, had put on at least a show of decent deliberation, but now that I had put my trust in princes to the extent of £20,000, they broke into an unseemly rush which nearly carried my wits away with them.

The first intimation that anything was wrong was contained in the *Times* of the following day. "The Duke of Schwartzberg," I read in the Court News column, "left Victoria last night on his way to the Continent."

It is not customary for the senior partner at Froude's to consult his colleagues, but when I had recovered from the shock of this most unexpected announcement, I called in Mr. George and Mr. Henry Froude, and

plainly set the affair before them. My nephews were young men, but neither lacked experience, and George had some elements of shrewdness.

"The loan was good business," said Mr. George curtly, "but this preliminary advance was ten times too great."

"I am inclined to agree with you," I answered, "but I accept full responsibility. We can do nothing but wait."

"Nothing," said George Froude.

It is never easy to wait upon important events with patience, and I fear that my clerks remarked the acidity of my temper. The stake was, in fact, £20,000 out of my own private fortune, a sum which, if lost, was clear thrown way upon a German Duke. He could not even give me a title which would inspire my friends with anything but ribaldry.

The shock of the Duke's departure—I already reckoned it as a flight, so greatly was my confidence shaken—was as nothing to the mortal blow I received a couple of days later. Mr. Cobbett, quiet, almost timid, visited me again, and he was accompanied by a gentleman whom I recognized as the secretary of the Paragon Company.

"This is an awful business, Mr. Froude," groaned the lawyer; "what must you think of me?"

I was silent.

"I was never so treated in my life!" roared Mr. Cobbett in a flare of anger. "Who would suspect a reigning sovereign of competing with common swindlers?"

"It was the real Duke then," I said with some interest. I had half-suspected a case of impersonation.

"The real Duke? Not a doubt of it! We have known him for twenty years."

"Then it may be all right after all. Surely it is not worth while for the Duke of Schwartzberg—"

"Listen to me for a moment," broke in the Insurance Company secretary.

"When we got the Duke's proposal we naturally thought it was made in good faith. But as a matter of precaution we wrote to our agents in Berlin. It was as well that we did. This Duke of Schwartzberg, who is rarely in this country, and when here is a most respectable person, is a very queer fowl in his own yard. We could put up with a little scandal—that would not affect our risk; but the man's life is rotten. He—he—drinks," whispered the secretary; "drinks brandy and beats his servants."

"Impossible!" I cried. "The reigning Duke of—"

"The reigning Duke of Schwartzberg is no better than a low sot," said the secretary with emotion. "He tried to insure some time ago in Berlin, to insure against the life of his brother, Duke Ernest. His career was looked into and he was rejected—totally rejected at any price."

"But," I cried, "surely it is only a question of price. You charge special rates in special cases—why not in this case also?"

"Mr. Froude," said the insurance expert gravely, "we do not take a drunkard at any price. Even did we accept, the other offices, among whom one must divide so large a risk, would refuse to follow us. Delicacy of constitution is another affair altogether. But we would not take Duke Frederick with twenty years added to his real age; we would not take him at all."

"And he knew this?"

"He must have known it. To put the matter plainly, he has swindled your bank out of £20,000 at the expense of a false declaration to us, at the expense of his entire character in this country. He is bankrupt in honor and credit in England from this day onward."

Then the two men arose and left me with my thoughts. I cannot write with calmness of the details of this wretched

experience. Every phase seemed designed to heap humiliation on my miserable head. The outspoken comments of old John Gatepath were grievous, but they were bearable as compared with the superior and silent coldness of my nephews and partners. Those young men were too proudly confident of personal infallibility to sympathize with the errors of their chief and uncle. As for old Gatepath, "We all make mistakes," said he, "but we don't often make such thundering big ones with our eyes open. I really should advise you to consult a doctor, Tom Froude, and hand over the business to young George."

"It was the man's confounded rank," I groaned.

"Just so. You never can see through the trappings to the bare skin. All the same, I am glad that I don't have reigning sovereigns asking favors of me."

Urged by my partners I paid a visit to the Foreign Secretary, an old customer of ours. Lord G— was a miracle of polite inutility.

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear of this loss, but what can we do to assist you? One cannot arrest a sovereign, one cannot even dun him. A sovereign has no debts but those of honor, and the honor of Duke Frederick, between you and me, has never been but indifferent security. I will consult our *Chargé d'affaires* at Schwartzberg, but I have no hope of effecting anything, no hope at all. The Foreign Office, which has many functions, is as yet an inefficient agency for collecting debts. I may tell you in strict privacy that diplomatic relations with Schwartzberg are confined almost entirely to attending the Court balls. However, what I can do to help you shall be done most cheerfully."

I paid £20,000 out of my private funds, and then strove to wipe the matter as completely from my recollection

as I had from the books of the bank. It may be thought that I accepted the perfidy of the Duke in as too hasty and wholesale a fashion as I had previously accepted his good faith. This was the outcome of my experience. Bankers live on trust; they inspire and give it freely. But trust is a tender plant which the touch of deception instantly withers utterly. A bad debt is best written off and forgotten as soon as may be. We don't want the public to hear of our bad debts.

I should not have told this story at all but for its sequel. Only the rank of the principal made it in any way remarkable, and my interest in Froude's is still too large for me to imperil its credit without good reason. Banks conceal their losses because they fear rumor, which has a trick of magnifying tens into hundreds with dangerous facility. But in this one case the sequel fully absolves me from silence.

Twenty years passed without news of Duke Frederick. He did not come to England and he did not die. I should inevitably have heard of either event. How far the Insurance Company was right as to his habits I do not know, but it was certainly wrong in the conclusions which it drew from its supposed knowledge. Duke Frederick lived to an advanced age, and, as it turned out, his life might have been insured with safety and profit.

Twenty years passed, and one day in the summer of 1896 a clerk knocked at my door.

"Will you see Count Sonnenschein?"

"Yes," I answered, and a tall old man entered my parlor. He was a handsome bright-eyed old man, with dull white hair and beard, and he had about him an atmosphere of dignity which was unmistakable. "Will you be seated, my lord?" I said. He sat looking at me with a curious smile puckering his eyes.

"It is many years since you heard my name, Mr. Froude."

Count Sonnenschein! I looked at the card and tried to fit the name into my recollection. "Count Sonnenschein." It suggested something, and presently there came back to me the words of Mr. Cobbett—gone now, poor fellow, to disturb the dead with his dreadful voice—"Count Sonnenschein has an adequate sack."

"Oh," I murmured, "you are the Duke of Schwartzberg's equerry!"

"No," he said—"I am the Duke of Schwartzberg himself."

I sat for a minute powerless, and then my hand moved towards the electric bell.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Froude!" cried the Duke. "You cannot touch my person, and a scandal would neither be agreeable to me nor to you. You have a reputation to lose, Mr. Froude."

"Your Highness commands me," I whispered, trembling violently.

"That is right," said the Duke serenely. "I owe you a conversation, and I owe you something more. The latter shall be paid first."

He tossed a paper towards me, and I saw lying on my table a cheque on the London office of the Deutscher Bank for £53,066 13s. 4d.

"The cheque is all right though you may doubt it. It will repay your unwilling loan of £20,000 together with compound interest at five per cent. for a score of years."

The sight of the money calmed me. It brought me back to routine and my business habits.

"Your Highness shall have a discharge in full, and, if you will condescend to accept them, my thanks."

"That is all right, Mr. Froude," said Duke Frederick comfortably. "You did me a great, if involuntary, service, and nothing pleases me better than this opportunity of quitting myself of the obligation. It was a desperate and really

unpardonable fraud, but, believe me, I had little choice. The alternatives were bank robbery or burglary, and I must confess I inclined to the former. My royal brother Ernest was the real sinner. He left me without a penny of his fortune, and I had borrowed, borrowed from a lady, Mr. Froude, in anticipation of my succession to the Duchy and to Duke Ernest's millions. The stupid insurance companies would not take my life, and the lady's reputation was at stake, for her husband might any day discover the transaction and put a brutal marital interpretation upon it. I was obliged to have the money and I robbed you in preference to breaking into a jeweller's shop."

"Did Mr. Cobbett know?" I asked, with interest.

"I should not care to set limits to the knowledge of the late Mr. Cobbett," answered the Duke, laughing. "The forced loan has cost me much more than I reckoned for. It has kept me for twenty years out of London. I never had any surplus out of the revenues of the Duchy and young Oppenheimer wouldn't die. You have heard of my unacknowledged nephew, Count Oppenheimer? In the event of his death without lawful heirs—which in his peculiar case meant his own sons or daughters—I was entitled, as the Crown, to Duke Ernest's fortune. You may conceive the care with which I overlooked the young man's relations

with the other sex. He seemed indifferent to matrimony, but he gave me a terrible fright half-a-dozen years ago. He became engaged to a young wholesome German woman. The marriage seemed inevitable, and young wholesome German women are not commonly childless. However, a rival arose who quarrelled with Oppenheimer and left him grievously wounded in a duel with sabres. The wounds took so long in healing that the young woman became tired and married the rival. That incident cost me much anxiety. Well, Oppenheimer is dead now; he died childless and I have the cash. Hence that cheque of yours."

"How did he die?" I asked, lacking discretion.

"It is said that he drank too much after the defection of his mistress. But he must have been a poor creature. I am not exactly a teetotaler myself, yet I don't die."

The Duke raised himself from the chair.

"Let me show your Highness to your carriage!" I cried.

"No, thank you. I am 'Count Sonnenschein,' and I walked. Please remember that you have never seen the Duke of Schwartzberg."

He passed out of the bank, leaning on his stick.

The cheque was all right, but I have grave doubts whether the death of Count Oppenheimer would bear investigation before a British jury.

Bennet Copplestone.

Temple Bar.

HEAVEN COVERS ALL.

When the world's weight is on thy mind
And all its black-winged fears affright,
Think how the daisy draws her blind
And sleeps without a light

Frederick Langbridge.

SOME UNSEEN STARS.

More and more stars have hitherto been seen with every increase of telescopic power. Even more are shown upon a photographic plate applied to a telescope than are seen by eye observation; light, too faint to affect the human retina, leaving its mark upon the sensitive silver salt of a film, by its cumulative effect during a long exposure. Myriads, doubtless, still remain unseen in either of these ways. How many such will presently be revealed by larger telescopes, or by more delicate photographic processes, it is impossible to say. We might, perhaps, hypothetically discuss their probable number and distribution, their distances and physical constitution; but in the present state of knowledge any such discussion would be vague and inconclusive.

We will, therefore, in this article, put on one side such stars as are unseen merely for want of greater telescopic or photographic power; and direct our remarks to a special class of unseen stars which are of peculiar interest, because effects, due to their presence, are ascertainable by two independent lines of investigation, and render their existence a certainty in spite of their invisibility. These stars possess a further interest at the present time, since their discovery has of late undergone a rapid development, which happily promises to continue.

The stars to which we refer exist in close connection with bright companion-stars. They are themselves unseen, either because they are dark, it may be faded, or decayed, or of faint luminosity; or because, in addition, they are situated in such close proximity to their bright companions that no telescope has revealed their presence. They belong to a somewhat limited and

special class, or subdivision, of those which astronomers term binaries; while binaries are again a subdivision of the very numerous class of double stars.

We propose, then, to discuss those cases in which one of a binary pair of stars is unseen. In order, however, to make the proof of the existence of such unseen companions clear, we must first state precisely what is meant by a binary in which both stars are visible.

A telescope reveals countless instances in which two stars appear to be in close proximity. They are called double stars. But in a large proportion of such cases the appearance is due simply to a close approximation in the direction in which we look at the two. One may be a hundred times as far away as the other, but they are seen almost in the same straight line from the earth, and therefore they appear to be very near together. Nevertheless, as time goes on, their individual proper motions in space may cause any amount of apparent separation between them. In other cases two stars are really near. They not only present the appearance at the time being of a double star, but they will always retain that appearance. If, from time to time, the place of one of them is carefully measured from that of the other (for which purpose the brighter of the two is generally chosen as the one from which to measure) it will be found that it moves in an oval, or elliptic, curve round the other. It will be seen to describe this curve, or orbit, repeatedly, if the observations are continued long enough. In order to distinguish this special class of double stars, viz., those which are in mutual orbital revolution round one another, astronomers have given them the name

of binaries. All binary stars, therefore, belong to the class of double stars, but all apparently double stars are not termed binary.

The first discovery of binary stars was due to the skill and genius of Sir William Herschel. Since then they have been catalogued by thousands, the observation of their movements in their orbits affording an all-important proof of the sway of the same great law of gravitation, in the far distant realms of space which they tenant, that rules in our own solar system. In some instances the period of mutual revolution is so short that the description of the whole orbit of a binary has been observed several times since its discovery. In others it is so long that centuries will elapse before one circuit is completed.

The orbital movements of a great number of binaries in which both members are visible are now constantly watched in the telescope, or photographed. But it is only quite recently that astronomers have been led to conclude, from a special class of observations, that there are possibly quite as many instances in which one of the two is unseen. This we will now explain.

To do so, we must begin by describing a class of stars, termed *Algol Stars*; so named because Algol, in the constellation of Perseus, was the first detected. It locates, in the imaginary constellation-figure, the position of the head of Medusa held in the hand of Perseus. Its name, assigned by Persian or other ancient astronomers, means the Demon; and was probably due to its very peculiar behavior, which needed no telescopic aid for its observation, and seemed to suggest the influence, or the eye, of a demon. It is very interesting to watch its procedure with the naked eye, if a suitable night be selected. For about fifty-nine out of every consecutive sixty-

nine hours this star shines brightly and steadily, and remains almost exactly of the second magnitude in its light. Then a change begins, and in the course of somewhat more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours its light falls to about one-third of its usual amount. It so remains for about one-quarter of an hour, after which its brightness revives at the same rate as it diminished. Thus the fall and rising again of the light occupy between nine and ten hours out of every sixty-nine.

It was not, however, until the latter half of the seventeenth century that Algol was accurately observed. The very remarkable regularity both in the period and extent of the variation of its light was then brought into notice by the English astronomer Goodricke.¹ He also suggested (in A.D. 1783) that an explanation of the behavior of the star might be found in the periodic passage of a dark (or comparatively dark) and consequently invisible companion-globe between it and the earth.

In doing so it would gradually cut off more and more of Algol's light, until it had completed one-half of its intervening passage, and then in like manner reveal it again. For a long time little attention was paid to this suggested explanation. It might, however have seemed only reasonable to attribute to some geometrical regularity of movement changes whose recurrence could be predicted almost more accurately than an eclipse of the Sun. But it was doubtless thought to be useless to discuss the question of the existence of such a companion-star, as it seemed to be quite invisible.

However, about the year 1880, Professor Pickering of the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., who had been giving especial attention to the study of several classes of stars whose light is variable, carefully discussed the hy-

¹ *Philosophical Transactions*, 1783, vol. lxxiii, p. 474.

pothesis of Goodricke. Although unable to assign any absolute dimensions to the globes of Algol and its companion, or to the supposed orbit of the companion around Algol, he estimated what must be the proportion of the sizes of the two bodies relatively to each other and to such an orbit. He further calculated their relative positions during the passage of the one in front of the other, so that not only should the requisite amount of obscuration, or eclipse, of Algol's light take place, but also the rate of its diminution and recovery should correspond throughout the nine or ten hours of its progress with what was observed.

He decided that the supposed unseen star must have a diameter equal to somewhat more than three-fourths of that of Algol, and that a probable diameter for its relative orbit would be about four and a half times that of the globe of Algol. Also that a circular, or nearly circular, form for that orbit would best satisfy the required conditions. Nevertheless his discussion was altogether that of a probability, of which it appeared impossible to test the truth.

But at the same time he drew attention to another point necessarily involved in the hypothesis, which is of much importance, because it has recently afforded a further and conclusive test by which the certainty of the truth of the hypothesis has been assured. This we will next explain.

When two stars of a binary pair are both bright, and we observe their relative positions from time to time, the one, as we have stated, appears to us to revolve around the other. This is also exactly what either would appear to do if watched by an observer situated upon the other. Such apparent movement is, however, due to the fact that both, owing to the action of the law of gravitation and their mutual attraction, are really revolving in two

similarly shaped orbits about their common centre of gravity, a point always between the two. They so revolve in their two orbits, just as if their centres were fastened to the ends of a long thin rod pivoting upon their centre of gravity. In only one case could they both describe one and the same orbit, viz., if they were of equal weight or mass; and if the orbit were also circular in form. In that case, their centre of gravity being half-way between the two, they would each go round it in the same circle, but they would always be situated, at any given moment, at two opposite extremities of one of its diameters. Were one body heavier than the other, the larger would be proportionately nearer to the centre of gravity, and its orbit would be the smaller of the two. In that case, if the orbits were circles, the one orbit would lie entirely within the other, the centre of gravity of the two bodies being the centre of both the circular orbits. This is, in fact, the case with Algol.

These results, of necessity following from the action of the law of gravitation, are of the highest interest in their relation to unseen companion-stars, because they lead to a further conclusion:—If Algol, or any similar star, has an unseen companion, their mutual attraction requires that the unseen star cannot alone be revolving in an orbit, thereby producing eclipses of the other's light. That other must also revolve in an orbit of its own, described in the way we have explained, about the point at which the centre of gravity of the two bodies is situated. Besides which we must remember that, in order to allow the unseen star to pass periodically between the other and the earth, the plane or level in which the motion takes place must very nearly contain the direction of the earth as seen from the other star.

Taken together the preceding statements involve the following result. At

the two opposite ends of a diameter of its orbit which is perpendicular to the direction pointing to the earth, Algol must respectively be moving in that orbit almost directly towards the earth, or directly from the earth.

As it is upon this result that the conclusive evidence of the existence of Algol's unseen companion depends, we will illustrate it for a moment by the consideration of a capital letter T. Suppose the upright central stem to be produced downwards for an immense distance to reach the earth. Imagine its junction with the cross-piece at the top of the letter to be the centre of Algol's orbit, which is to be supposed circular. If Algol were at the left-hand extremity of the cross-piece, the little downward projection might then indicate the direction of Algol's motion at that point of its orbit. That motion would be parallel to the middle upright piece of the letter, and therefore almost directly towards the earth. If the other projection at the right-hand end of the cross-piece be supposed turned upwards, instead of downwards, it would correspond to the position and direction of Algol's movement when it should have passed halfway round its orbit; and it is clear that Algol would then be moving with equal speed in a direction almost exactly away from the earth.

This alternate movement at intervals, during which one-half of its orbit is described, of about thirty-four and a half hours (one-half of the sixty-nine-hour period which we previously mentioned), is therefore a necessary consequence if Algol forms a binary with an unseen companion-star.

And if, as Professor Pickering has shown, its orbit is approximately circular, the velocity with which it would thus approach and recede from the earth, at intervals of thirty-four and a half hours, would be that with which it would constantly revolve round the

centre of gravity of itself and its unseen companion. It is also clear that, at epochs half-way between those of which we have just spoken, it would pass across the direction of a line pointing to the earth, and just then be neither approaching to, nor receding from, the earth.

At its enormous distance from us, as to which we at present only know that it is too great for accurate measurement, any endeavor to test the hypothesis of the existence of its invisible companion, by the observation of such an alternation of Algol's velocity towards or from the earth, might well have seemed hopeless. But very fortunately the spectroscope comes to our aid. If a spectroscope be used to examine the spectrum of the light of a star, any such movement, of approach or recession, on the part of the star, can be at once detected, if it be of sufficient magnitude, and if the light of the star be sufficiently bright. Dark lines produced by the vapors of a star's atmosphere cross the spectrum in a direction perpendicular to its length, which length extends along the well-known band of colors from red at one extremity to violet at the other. And if a star be approaching the earth, it can be shown to be a necessary result that the black lines, which lie athwart its spectrum, will be slightly displaced from the normal position which they would otherwise occupy, towards the violet end of the spectrum. If the star be receding from the observer they will be similarly displaced towards the red end of its spectrum. The amount of the displacement depends upon the velocity of the movement in question, and the velocity can be calculated from it.

Professor H. C. Vogel, of the Potsdam Observatory, made the calculation in the case of Algol. He found that the amount of the displacement of the lines in its spectrum showed that

it was alternately approaching and receding from the earth with a speed of about twenty-six miles per second, at intervals of rather less than thirty-four and a half hours. The existence of its unseen companion, hitherto only suggested as a probable explanation of the periodic alteration in its light, consequently received a confirmation, the strength of which, if duly considered in connection with our previous statements, can hardly be exaggerated. This research took place in the years 1888 and 1889.

Since that date (when, at the most, only nine Algol stars were known) it has been considered certain that the variation of light in this class of stars, of which about as many more have since been discovered, is produced by an eclipse caused by a much darker and unseen companion-star. Professor Vogel considered that the utmost luminous intensity of the companion could not exceed one-eightieth part of that of Algol itself; otherwise the obscuration of the light of the second star, as in its turn it passed behind Algol, would be decidedly noticeable, and produce a second alteration of light half-way between those at present seen.

Here it may be well to mention that such a double rise and fall of light is not infrequent in variable stars. In some cases it is of a less regular character, but in others it is so exceedingly regular that the stars in question have in general been supposed to suffer eclipses as in the Algol type, and only to differ from Algol itself in having a decidedly bright instead of a comparatively dark and unseen companion. An instance of such a star is that named Y in the constellation of Cygnus. Its light variations, as determined recently by Dr. Dunér, of Upsala, are best explained upon the supposition that it consists of two stars of nearly equal size and brightness, revolving in a

mutual orbit of an elliptic form and of an ovalness about half as great again as that of Mars. The plane of their revolution must be such that the two stars alternately totally eclipse one another twice in every three successive days, and thereby reduce the light received by about one-half on the occasion of the eclipse of either by the other.

It also deserves mention that in some cases, whether the companion-star be darker or brighter, it is necessary, in order to account for the change of light observed, to suppose the globes of both stars to be of an oval rather than of a spherical form. In other cases, of which Algol is one, it seems probable that both stars are surrounded with an extensive envelope, or atmosphere, of vapor, by which a certain amount of absorption, or partial obscuration of light, may be produced. Some irregularity in the light-variation, even of an Algol-Variable, which is at times noticeable, may also be due to atmospheric or other physical disturbances excited, in one or both bodies, by a periodic near approach, such as would take place if their orbits were of an oval form; or, possibly, to the presence of one or more additional bodies all mutually attracting one another.

Without further reference, however, to any such points of minor certainty or importance, we will now show how much further information of surpassing interest the spectroscope affords in the case of such a star as Algol; in addition to, but in connection with, its convincing proof of the existence of an unseen companion.

This information results from the measurement of the velocity with which Algol is moving in its orbit round the centre of gravity of the two stars. We have so far only mentioned that the spectroscope has shown this velocity to be about twenty-six miles per second. But the orbit being nearly

circular, and the period of its description nearly sixty-nine hours, it follows that we have only to multiply the number of seconds in sixty-nine hours by twenty-six, in order to obtain (approximately) the number of miles in the circumference of the orbit. Knowing the circumference we also know the diameter. And then, by Sir Isaac Newton's extension of the third of Kepler's three great laws, it is easy to calculate that the masses and weights of the pair of stars must jointly be about two-thirds of those of the Sun. This follows from a comparison of the diameter of the orbit, and the time in which it is described, with the size and time of description of the orbit of any planet round the Sun.

Further, if the unseen companion be of about the same density as Algol, it can be shown that the comparative size of the two discs, necessary to allow of the requisite amount of obscuration of the one by the other, requires that the joint mass must be apportioned very nearly in the proportion of two-thirds to Algol and one-third to its unseen companion. Professor Vogel's calculations, which involve a somewhat larger proportionate size for the companion-star than Professor Pickering originally assigned to it, give, when expressed in English miles, the most probable values as follows:—²

Diameter of Algol, 1,061,000 English miles.

Diameter of unseen companion, 830,300 English miles.

Distance between their centres, 3,230,000 English miles.

Orbital velocity of Algol, 26.3 miles per second.

Orbital velocity of the companion, 55.4 miles per second.

Mass of Algol, 4.9 of the mass of the Sun.

Mass of companion, 2.9 of the mass of the Sun.

² See *The System of the Stars*, by Agnes M. Clerke, p. 138.

Two points deserving of special notice are at once evident from the above figures. First, that the proximity of the two stars is very remarkable when compared with their sizes. Their distance apart is considerably less than twice as great as the sum of their diameters. They are so close together that no telescope could separate their images, even if Algol were as near to us as the very nearest of all the stars. Secondly, that they are of very light density. The Sun's density is only about one-half as great again as that of water, and about one-fourth of that of the globe of the earth, but the density of the unseen companion of Algol, since it is of nearly the same diameter and bulk as the Sun, but of only two-ninths of its weight, can be but a little more than one-fourth of that of the Sun. This is on the supposition, as already stated, that Algol and its companion are of the same density. Otherwise the result would be somewhat, but probably not greatly, modified; the companion, if of lighter density, revolving in a somewhat wider orbit, and *vice versa*.

As regards the density of Algol-Stars in general it may be interesting to mention that, in several instances, it seems to lie between one-fourth and one-eighth of that of the Sun, a result which can be deduced merely from a study of the period of the light-variation of any such star, and of the extent to which its light is obscured. So small a density indicates that these stars are probably to a great extent in a gaseous condition, and therefore the more likely to be subject to physical disturbances by the proximity of a companion.

Next let us consider another important question in regard to unseen companion-stars. Are there many of them? It is true that only a few instances are at present known in which the periodic diminution of a star's light is at-

tributable to the presence of an unseen companion. Those instances, however, all require, as we have explained, that the companion-star must travel nearly centrally past the other while we are watching it. A moderate tilt of the plane in which their centres move would cause the transit of the companion to pass either above or below the line in which we look at the other, in which case no eclipse of its light would be visible to us. But there is no reason whatever why every possible inclination of such a plane of revolution should not be equally probable. There is consequently no doubt that, in addition to the instances in which unseen companion-stars produce an eclipsing effect, there are far more in which, although the companion is equally present, the tilt of the plane of mutual revolution prevents our seeing any eclipse.

The preceding statement is confirmed by the fact that, at the very time when Professor Vogel was studying the spectrum of Algol, his spectroscope unexpectedly revealed the existence of another case, in which it was clear, that it could only be the tilt of the plane of mutual revolution that prevented the occurrence of eclipses similar to those of Algol. He happened just then to observe the spectrum of Spica, the brightest star in the constellation of the Virgin; and he found that the dark lines in that spectrum were alternately shifted to a small extent, at regular intervals, towards the red or the violet end of the spectrum, exactly as in the case of Algol. This shift, he perceived, must be caused by a movement of Spica due to its being in mutual revolution with a companion-star; while it also followed that the companion must be comparatively dark, otherwise, instead of Spica's spectrum alone being seen, that of the companion would also have been visible.

In this connection a further coin-

cidence, quite as remarkable, deserves notice. It occurred in America during the time occupied by the observations which Professor Vogel was carrying on at Potsdam, and was announced just before the publication of his results. It involved the unexpected discovery, by a different method of spectroscopic observation, of a star in which mutual revolution in connection with a companion-star was taking place, as in the case of Algol and Spica, but in which the two companions both revealed their spectra in the spectroscope, although they were in such exceedingly close proximity that they would always have appeared as one star in the telescope. This discovery is especially related to the subject of this article, in that it soon led to the detection, not only of some other instances of the same kind, but of a number of cases in which, as in that of Spica, such a companion is unseen even in the spectroscope. The discovery took place as follows:

The spectra of stars had usually been examined with a spectroscope fixed at the eye end of a telescope. The spectrum of some one star was very carefully focussed, and the position of the dark lines seen in it determined with great accuracy by comparing their places with those of a standard spectrum, either of sunlight, or of some known gas, which could be brought into the field of view immediately above, or below, the spectrum of the star. This was the method adopted by Professor Vogel in his investigation of the spectrum of Spica. Another method, however, was adopted at the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., in which a spectroscopic prism was placed outside the object-glass, at the other end of the telescope. The result was that, instead of a number of stars being simultaneously seen by an observer in the field of view, each of the star images was changed into a spectrum.

A large number of stellar spectra could thus be seen, or photographed, at the same time. The numerous spectra so rapidly obtained were of great use as indicating the general character and physical constitution of the stars. But, in using this method, it was impossible to compare the positions of any dark lines in the spectra with a standard spectrum placed in juxtaposition. Consequently, any delicate displacements of those positions could not be determined.

When, however, Miss A. C. Maury, in 1889, was examining a series of such photographs, taken day after day, she was surprised to observe an occurrence, in the spectrum of the middle star of the tail of the Great Bear, which needed no exact measurement for its detection. The dark lines sometimes appeared to be double.³ Upon further examination it was found that the most conspicuous doubling, or greatest separation, of the two lines which appeared in the place of any one line, took place very regularly at intervals of fifty-two days. Before the end of 1889 another star was noticed in which a similar phenomenon was exhibited; viz., the second brightest in the constellation of Auriga. In it the widest separation of the doubled lines occurred every two days. In 1896 two more such stars were found. In 1897 another; and in 1899 the notable star Capella in Auriga proved to be of the same character; this last discovery being made almost simultaneously and independently by Professor Campbell, at the Lick Observatory; and by Mr. Newall, secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society, at Cambridge, England.⁴ It was perceived that these stars must

be instances of a binary combination in which both components are sufficiently bright for spectroscopic observation, and in which both sets of lines are displaced by the mutual revolution of the two stars; those of the one being shifted furthest towards the red end of the spectrum when those of the other are shifted furthest towards the violet (and *vice versâ*), because the velocities of the two stars are in exactly opposite directions at any given moment. The lines of the one star would therefore periodically pass and repass those of the other. Whenever the two sets of lines were coincident, each line would appear single. When the two sets were sufficiently separated, each line would appear doubled. These stars had never been supposed to be binaries, and calculations made from the photographs of their spectra proved that the companion-stars were far too close together for their binary character to be visible in a telescope. The new title of spectroscopic binaries was therefore invented for them.

Then followed what we think is the still more important result connected with the special subject of this article. Miss Maury's discovery gave a new impetus to the study of the class of stars, which are unseen even by their lines in a spectroscope, but whose presence is nevertheless evidenced, like that of Spica's altogether invisible companion, by the measurement, at the eye end of a telescope, of the displacements which they cause in the lines of the bright stars of which they are the unseen companions.

As the result we can now announce that, in addition to the six spectroscopic binaries just mentioned in which

³ See Third Annual Report of Henry Draper Memorial; American Journal of Science, vol. xxxix. p. 46; Astronomische Nachrichten, No. 3017.

⁴ Since this discovery with the spectroscope Capella has this year been observed with great care by means of the large 28-inch refractor at

Greenwich, with which a slight elongation of its disc has been visible, the direction of the elongation varying from time to time so as to confirm its binary character. This is an exceptional instance in which such a binary pair are so far apart that their images are on the verge of possible separation in a telescope.

both components are bright, twenty others have been found, and of these fifteen in the past two years (two by Dr. B  lopolsky at the Pulkowa Observatory, and the remainder by Professor Campbell at the Lick Observatory), in most of which, as in the case of *Spica*, it is stated that the unseen companion is so much darker that in the observations made, only the spectrum of the bright one of the pair is visible.* Among the above stars, which are thus known to possess an altogether unseen companion, the Pole Star is now included.

In the present year two more such stars have been announced, the one by the Lick Observatory, and the other by the new Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago, which now possesses an instrument about one-fourth more powerful than the great Lick Telescope. The rate of their recent discovery combined with the employment of the largest telescopes in the world for such work, affords every reason to expect that such spectroscopic observations will soon greatly increase the number of stars known to possess unseen companions.

We should be gratified if we could name several of the Algol class in which, as in the case of Algol itself, the spectroscopic observation of the shift of lines in the spectrum is confirmed by the occurrence of periodic diminutions and recoveries of light, and thereby a double testimony obtained to the existence of an unseen companion. But this confirmatory testimony has so far, we believe, only been achieved for the one star, Algol. Nevertheless, that confirmation is, we think, sufficient to assure us, both in the case of stars in which a similar periodic rise and fall of light occurs, but which are too faint for the necessary spectroscopic observations, and

also in those instances in which the movement of the spectral lines alone indicates the effect of a mutual binary revolution, that the unseen companion is there. Its presence is revealed by its effects, although those effects may only be of the one kind, or only of the other.

Altogether the number of these unseen stars thus known now approaches forty, about one-half of the whole number being indicated by the eclipses produced, and about one-half by such a shifting of lines in the spectrum as we have described.

There must, however, still be many more such stars which even the spectroscope cannot reveal. A moderate tilt of the plane of the mutual orbits of a star and its unseen companion is sufficient, as we have shown, to prevent our seeing eclipse effects; but a greater increase of tilt would presently so diminish the shifting of the spectral lines that their movement would become imperceptible. All such cases must therefore be added to those previously mentioned.

On the other hand, there must also be many which afford eclipse effects, but which have not as yet been noticed in the telescope. The multitude of telescopic stars of lower magnitudes is so bewilderingly great, that it has proved to be very difficult for an observer to select among them instances in which the changes of their fainter light resemble those of Algol. Quite recently, however, it has been found that such changes of light in telescopic stars are much more likely to be detected by a comparison of stellar photographs than by the ordinary use of the eye and telescope.

For instance, in May 1898, Madame Ceraski discovered, in a series of photographs taken by M. Blajko, assistant in the Observatory of Moscow, a star whose magnitude had regularly varied. Further study of an additional num-

* See *Astronomical Journal of the Pacific*, vol. xi. pp. 54, 129, 198, 255.

ber of photographs, taken at the Harvard College Observatory upon which it had been recorded, showed that it was a variable, distinctly of the Algol type, with a change of light which seems to amount to three whole star-magnitudes, and to be greater than in any such star previously known.⁶ Again, in an exactly similar manner, Madame Ceraski, in the latter part of last year, detected another such star, the variation in the light of which amounts to two magnitudes.⁷ Confirmation has in this case also been given by Harvard photographs. This indicates that the number of such fainter Algol-Stars may prove to be increasingly numerous if the large number of stellar photographs now taken can be examined with sufficient care.⁸

It appears, therefore, from the observations which we have described, and for the convincing reasons which we have explained, not only that unseen companion-stars exist, and form in certain cases binaries with bright orbs mutually revolving with them in close proximity, but that there must be very many more yet undetected. Unseen stars of this class are certainly not infrequent.

To one more class of unseen stars we can only make the briefest possible reference. Apart from those which we have shown to prove their presence either spectroscopically, or by eclipse effects, there are others (as a rule not in such close proximity to their companions) the existence of which is also very strongly suspected, as the efficient cause of certain perturbations, or irregularities, noticeable in the movements of the two stars of some binary pairs in which both are visible. Or it may be that an unseen fourth per-

turbs in this way, by its attraction, a group of three that are mutually revolving. We have already hinted that, in the case of Algol, a certain slight irregularity may be due to a third unseen companion; and it seems probable that perturbations of movement of this character may exist in about one out of every ten known binary systems.

There is little doubt that such a perturbing body, if it exist, must in many cases be comparatively large, in order that it may suffice to produce the observed effect; and also of very faint luminosity, if not quite dark, otherwise its size would involve its visibility.

Altogether, of one class or another, dark, or fading, unseen stars must be decidedly numerous. If so, the moderately dark have in all probability once been brighter; while presently their darkness shall be complete.

But if one in a binary, or in a triple, or quadruple group has thus darkened, shall not another and yet another, whether grouped with companions or not, by gradual loss of heat and light, become darker too? Of the countless multitudes now brightly shining shall not all become dark in succession? How long has such fading occupied in its progress past? How long shall it continue in the ages to come? What shall be the lot of attendant worlds that circle round such orbs; or of the earth as the Sun shall fade and cool? What is the function of dark stars? Is it, ever and anon, as they rush unseen towards another star, dark or bright, to form by collision a vast expanse of nebulous debris, and thence by a slow evolution to light up other stars, to take the place of some of those that are now most bright, but in their turn shall be dark, unseen?

E. Ledger.

⁶ See *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 3567; Harvard College Observatory Circular, No. 44.

⁷ *Ibid.* No. 3614; *Ibid.* No. 47.

⁸ A previous instance of an Algol-Variable also

found in stellar photographs by a lady, is W. Delphini, discovered by Miss Wells in 1886. See Harvard College Observatory Circular No. 2.

A SCHOLAR'S CONSCIENCE.

Mr. Hamilton laid down the editor's letter with a sigh. He was asked to write a paper for the *Historical Research Quarterly Review*, and he felt his brain barren of ideas. A feeling of weariness had been creeping over him lately; the daily round of lectures and pupils had grown daily more monotonous; and, now when called on for one of his scholarly articles, he felt helplessly that he had nothing to say. After all, what did it matter? Everyone, in a limited critical world, praised his writings; but in the world outside, among living men, he was unknown. A flattering foreign critic had called him "one of the greatest historians in England, perhaps the only one with a European reputation." What a farce it was! A European reputation, and he was almost unknown outside his college walls! More than that, some of his own men preferred to attend other lectures. It is true, they were generally the idlers, who did little work and were content with a low place in the Schools; still he felt their defection as a reproach. He was an old-fashioned Don, who did not aspire to be called a man of the world, or to be treated as an equal by his pupils; but his lectures were carefully thought out, and dealt only with the facts of history. He never tampered with the truth to force it to fit some fanciful theory; yet his men left him for Tomkyns.

Mr. Hamilton had examined Tomkyns a few years ago, and, noting his flow of language, slipshod style, and carelessness of facts, had thought his merits would be amply rewarded by a second class. The more modern of his colleagues had disagreed, and Tomkyns got a first, which was followed in due time by a Fellowship. He was, now, one of the most popular lectur-

ers in the University, and the favorite of the girls' halls.

"By-the-way," thought Mr. Hamilton, "Blackwell has sent me Tomkyns's new book; it would be interesting to see how far he has improved." He opened a parcel of new books lying on his table. "A Manual of European History in the Sixteenth Century; why not call it a handbook? That is a detail, but I must confess such details affect me."

He turned up his lamp a little higher, and began to read. Tomkyns's method was to supply striking portraits of historical characters, the truth of which the size of the book left no space to prove. From the beginning Mr. Hamilton felt antagonistic. He turned the pages hastily, and was on the point of throwing the book down, when a sentence caught his eye.

Mary Stuart came of a bad stock; her mother's brother, the Cardinal de Lorraine, was the unscrupulous adventurer who contributed even more largely than the rest of his bloodthirsty family to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Then Mr. Hamilton's wrath rose. Like all Scotchmen he had a latent interest in Queen Mary, and resented her careless condemnation by an ignorant Englishman. He held that the question of her guilt was at least not proved, and should, therefore, only be discussed by serious students. He would have liked to see the subject fairly argued by impartial historians too conscientious to conceal any evidence, however damaging, and only anxious to clear up, once for all, difficult points connected with the Casket Letters and other disputed documents. But the rash verdict on the Cardinal de Lorraine touched another chord.

Who was Tomkyns that he should presume to call the Cardinal an adventurer? How could an Englishman, entirely ignorant of family, dare to raise such a point in connection with the House of Guise?

Mr. Hamilton sprang to his feet and paced up and down the room, impatiently tossing back the stray gray lock that usually straggled over his forehead. His weary air was gone, his eyes were bright with anger, and he drew up his tall, stooping figure to its full height. He resented the impertinence of Tomkyns attempting to write history in this style. He had never believed in personal history, having always thought more of the causes than of the actors representing them; yet he was vaguely conscious now that his indignation was more than that of a mere scholar.

He sat down again, and began to write quickly. His article should be on historical handbooks in general, taking Tomkyns's as a text. He pointed out their insufficiency of facts, their evil tendency in supplying ready-made conclusions instead of arguments for each man to work out for himself, and their independence of original research. Then, seizing on the careless verdict on the Cardinal of Lorraine, he threw out the suggestion that future defenders of the Queen of Scots would do well to devote a little time to studying the case for the Guises. They had been lightly abandoned to second-rate historians, who made their supposed villainy a strong point in the attack on their unhappy niece. It was an age of attempted rehabilitations; would no one undertake their defence? He took up a few points to show what could be done in that line, and finished his paper with a glow of satisfaction. His style was, perhaps, less polished than usual, but it was more living.

A few weeks later Tomkyns entered the Junior Bursar's room, and push-

ing aside a heap of papers, sat down on a corner of the table. "How queer Hamilton is," he began.

"What's the matter, now?"

"Don't you know? He's taken to personal history—rather serious at his time of life."

"Is it infectious, likely to spread?"

"Not exactly; but I have been catching it over my new booklet. He worked himself into a rage royal, and slated me in a review. That's not altogether new," Tomkyns added, after a moment's pause, "but the queer thing is that he has come down from his Olympian heights, and gone for me on personal grounds."

"Isn't that libelous?" suggested the Junior Bursar.

"Historically speaking, I mean. I fell foul of a certain notorious French Cardinal, who was responsible for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and a few other pleasant little jokes of that sort; and I appear to have touched Hamilton's weak spot thereby. At all events he devoted most of his space to proving that I knew nothing of French history in general, and still less of the Cardinal of Lorraine in particular. One of my offences was calling him an intriguing upstart; I like to put a man's character in a nutshell. Well, Hamilton actually goes out of his way to explain that the Cardinal's mother was of the royal house, and that his father was descended from Charlemagne, or something of the sort. Isn't that Scotch? But, what I want to know is, what has woke him up?"

The Junior Bursar thought it over, twisting his moustache. Then he looked up.

"*Cherchez la femme*, my dear fellow. Did you know that he has two lady-pupils this term?"

"No?"

"It's a fact, though. I saw them yesterday, going into lecture. Rather pretty girls they were, and one of them

uncommonly smart, violets in her button-hole, and that sort of thing."

"Well, they must be keen about it to go to his lectures. I remember cutting him whenever I could think of an excuse. I wonder what makes them go."

"You needn't be jealous. How many girls come to you this term? Do you think they would take as profitable an interest in mathematics if my hair turned up instead of my nose? You might lend me some of your Hinde's curlers."

"That wouldn't give you the style, my dear fellow. They like me, because I am picturesque and inaccurate. They look up the facts for themselves, and are delighted to find they know better about a date or a Christian name. Froude never troubled about such things, and why should I? The girls come in crowds, and I pocket their fees."

The Junior Bursar gave a half envious sigh. An audience of women means a balance at the bank for a college-lecturer, and only the history-men have the art of attracting them in large numbers. Tomkyns possessed it in perfection. There was not a girl in any of the halls who did not either sing his praises as a teacher, or lament the unlucky turn for something else that prevented her from attending his lectures.

As the term went on Mr. Hamilton grew more attracted by his suggested defence of the Cardinal of Lorraine. He realized from the first all there was to be said against him; but he felt sure that no one had tried to do him justice. The Cardinal was ambitious, no doubt; but a man of his position, who had been an archbishop in his boyhood, had every temptation to be so, if he were not a brainless idler. On the whole, ambition might be counted almost as a virtue, since it meant self-control and a capacity for work. He

was unscrupulous. The sixteenth century did not produce men with a very high sense of honor, or a chivalrous regard for their neighbors' welfare. Admiral de Coligny never cleared himself from the charge of at least a foreknowledge of Guise's murder; and Coligny is still much respected by historians. The Cardinal was cruel to the Huguenots. True; but Calvin had no objection to religious persecution in the abstract; they differed only as to who was to be persecuted, and for what. Perhaps such arguments were objectionable; but one should judge a man by the standard of his contemporaries. Then one should weigh the evidence, and the character of the witnesses. It is recorded that Jeanne d'Albret, the Huguenot Queen of Navarre, shocked by the lies she heard told against the Duke of Guise, remonstrated. "Pardon me, Madame," answered the minister reproachfully. "It may not be true; but it would be such a misfortune if the ignorant thought well of the Duke that it is a duty for all honest men to spread abroad reports of the evil in high places." The man was a fanatical partisan, of course; but the most prejudiced people are always the most eager to record their opinions; the more saintly martyrs often die unheard.

Mr. Hamilton soon began a series of articles on the state of France in the sixteenth century, each containing something that might be of use to the future biographer of the House of Guise. In the first, he mentioned that the birth of the Cardinal took place in the year when the terrible insurrection of peasants led by Munster threatened to spread from Germany into France. It was stamped out by the Duke of Guise; but the horror of that time must have lingered in the minds of the family. Ghastly tales of the unmentionable brutalities of the heretic rebels were probably repeated

in his childhood; and he must have been early impressed with the idea that reformation meant revolution. As the Cardinal grew up he would add to the prejudices of his class the contempt of a scholar for the ignorant who presumed to set up their own opinion against that of the Church. It must have seemed to him absurd to allow untrained artisans to interpret un-scholarly translations of the Scriptures according to their own fancy. For the Cardinal of Lorraine was a learned man, and rather pedantic in the eyes of his little niece, Queen Mary. He tried to teach her Greek; and she rewarded him by preferring his eldest brother, who only wished her to learn to ride well and never show fear. Perhaps these lessons proved most useful after all; at least, she thought so.

One day in the next term Tomkyns was dining in hall as the guest of the Junior Bursar. It was the College Gaudy, and there was a babel of voices at the high table. Under cover of the noise Tomkyns talked shop. "I hear you've turned over a new leaf," he said to Hamilton, "and are writing on personal history. Are you going in for popular lectures and the Extension-ists?"

"I am not aware that I have changed my views on the subject. I always looked on the personal element in history as dangerous in the lecture-room, but attractive in the study. Testing the popular verdict on historical characters is a pleasing intellectual exercise for the individual student, but harmful for the unlearned majority."

"Quite so. I always keep on the safe side by accepting the views of my great forerunners. Macaulay may have been inaccurate; but, if I follow him he is responsible for his errors. Original research is not in my line. It does not amuse people to see black sheep white-washed, or their old favorites proved villains."

"On that subject we differ absolutely. The one justification for the personal element in history is, that it leads to the destruction of the legends that have grown up in connection with the characters of the individuals who are said to have influenced their epoch; though, for my own part, I believe such men to have merely represented certain causes, which would have produced the same effects independently of them. The true biographer should examine all facts unshrinkingly with judicial impartiality, anxious only for the truth, and as ready to lay bare any flaw he may discover as to prove the good hitherto overlooked or obscured by calumny."

Tomkyns shrugged his shoulders with his most foreign air. "By-the-way, Hamilton, is it true you are writing a life of the Cardinal of Lorraine?"

"No; I have no intention of doing more than finish the series of articles on his period. Perhaps they may suggest a new view of his motives, which some one else may work out."

He rose to go to his rooms where pupils were waiting for him. Tomkyns looked after him with a slightly puzzled smile. "Hamilton is an odd fellow," he said to the Junior Bursar. "He has been snubbing me rather severely; but he looks younger, and more awake. I wonder if those girls still go to his lectures?"

Next term his colleagues noticed a change in Mr. Hamilton. He was more rarely seen in common-room; he gave up private pupils and was said to be re-delivering his old lectures. But he told no one of the fact that a great publisher had asked him for any biography of the sixteenth century he might choose to undertake, and that he had already begun one of the Cardinal of Lorraine. He stipulated that no announcement should be made beforehand, as the work would take him a long time, and he could not promise

it for a fixed date. He plodded patiently therefore through the archives of every great library in Europe; and occasionally he was rewarded by finding a passage, in some hitherto unpublished document, bearing on his hero's character.

He spent years on his work, ungrudgingly. He was conscious that his interest in his subject had become more than that of the student. He had grown enthusiastic about the man, who seemed to exercise a fascination over him in spite of the distance of time. Once, long ago, Hamilton had yielded to as strong an influence; but the dead cannot disappoint as cruelly as the living. There is no future in which they can prove themselves unworthy; and Hamilton knew the worst that had been written against the Cardinal.

At last the book was finished; but, before sending it to the press, Hamilton determined to visit every place connected with the Guises, and to choose the most picturesque as illustrations. Already he had prints of the portraits of every member of the family, and knew their faces better than those of his younger colleagues. He was in Paris, when he met an old acquaintance, one of the members of the Franco-Scottish League. "You ought to meet Coton," he said, "he has just joined us on the strength of owning an old rat-trap built by the Cardinal of Lorraine, uncle of our Queen Mary. He can't live there, as it is in German territory, and he hates the Prussians."

"Perhaps you would introduce me to him. I am rather interested in houses of that date, and should like to see his."

M. Coton was most amiable, he would be delighted to show his castle to any Scotchman. "Unfortunately," he said, "I have made a vow not to enter my beloved country while she groans under the heel of the accursed stranger. I have not been there since

I was a child. My uncle bought the place just before the war, but he lived there till he died last year; he was too old to be uprooted, he said. I will write to the old housekeeper if you like and tell her to show you everything that may interest you."

The journey proved very tedious. The delay at the frontier, with its accompanying petty formalities, seemed wholly unnecessary to a serious-minded scholar entirely indifferent to modern politics. Then the drive from the wayside station was long and uphill; so it was dark when Hamilton reached the *château*. It was small, and unimposing in the dim light; inside it was tawdry with gilding and mirrors. M. Coton's housekeeper was garrulous in her welcome. Hamilton was tired, and vexed at the thought of having wasted two whole days for this.

"That is all, Monsieur," the housekeeper was showing him the house after dinner. She had tried her best to entertain him with accounts of the wealth of the Cotons, the toilettes of Madame, and the tortures suffered by Monsieur in his last illness. He had only interrupted her with stupid questions as to the age of the house. She knew nothing for her part of such things. The late Monsieur had said that a Cardinal lived there once; but that was before her day. "Perhaps Monsieur might like to see the attics; he has seen everything else."

Truly a pig of an Englishman is unaccountable in his tastes. Monsieur grew interested at once, though all else had failed to move him. "Are they inhabited?" he asked.

"But no, unless Monsieur counts rats and spiders! There was nothing there except a few broken sticks of furniture that the late Madame, who had such taste, had banished up there, since her husband would not have them burnt."

"Old furniture? What kind of old furniture?"

"What should I know? But it was old, not like the magnificent set in Madame's boudoir, but old,—old enough to have belonged to the Cardinal, who was here once, as Monsieur has heard." Hamilton grew keener. "Monsieur surely could not wish to go there in that darkness to see a lumber-room? People said that things were seen there at night; there were certainly holes enough in the roof for bats to enter by. Monsieur must not think me a coward, but one grows old and stiff, and the stairs are very steep, and full of bad places which one needs quick eyes to avoid."

"If you would give me a candle, my good woman, I should prefer to go alone."

She demurred at first, but was easily persuaded to save herself the trouble of guiding him further. Up the narrow, twisting stair, therefore, he went alone till he reached the attic. It was a low room, running the length of the house, lighted by tiny windows, so thickly curtained with cobwebs that the moonlight could hardly find its way in. The floor was thick with dust, and rotten in places like the stair. So far as could be seen the furniture was mere rubbish of all ages. Everything was piled in confused heaps. Here broken chairs of the First Empire lay on a Louis Quinze sofa, whose faded rags of brocade still suggested former splendors. Beyond was a rickety table propped against a doll's house. There seemed nothing of value; the house-keeper was right after all.

He would have gone down again at once, but for the fear of finding that chattering old woman lying in wait for him. As it was, he walked slowly on, wondering at the instinct that induced people to hoard what could never be of use. He was near the farther end when his eyes fell on an old coffer, standing close against the wall under the sloping roof. Something in the

shape struck him as unusual. The majority of such chests are carved old oak; but this was plain, save for the slender, twisted pillars supporting an arched lid, and it was not oak. It occurred to him that it might be painted; so, kneeling down he gently rubbed away some of the thick coating of dirt. By degrees he made out traces of a group of figures. The one in the middle seemed familiar, and gradually the face grew clear enough to be recognized; it was François, Duke of Guise, and he was surrounded by his five brothers.

Hamilton paused, his hand trembling with excitement. Here was a treasure to find in a lumber-room! He would do no more for fear of spoiling it; such a painting should be carefully cleaned by experts. What should he do? Ought he to tell M. Coton of his discovery, or merely ask to buy an old piece of furniture that had struck his fancy in the attic? No; M. Coton must know all, so that the price might be fairly fixed. He was not likely to wish to keep it for himself; it would be out of place in his Parisian chambers. Hamilton thought how well it would look in his own rooms, which were so bare compared with those of other Dons. Besides, for him it would have a double interest, not merely as a beautiful object, but as a relic of the Cardinal. But what if it were too large to be got down those narrow stairs, or so worm-eaten as to fall to pieces when moved? It was difficult to see its size in that dark corner. Hamilton put down the candlestick again, and decided, if possible, to drag the chest out into the room.

As he pulled, a rotten plank gave way under his feet, and he caught hastily at one of the little pillars to save himself. To his horror it turned in his hand, and the whole front panel fell out. For a moment he thought he had injured his new-found treasure;

then, he saw that he had only touched a spring which revealed a secret drawer in the bottom of the chest. Opening it, he found a square packet, tied with black silk and sealed with the Cardinal's own seal.

Eagerly he unfastened the silk, and was soon absorbed in the contents. Here, at last, was incontestable evidence. There was no longer a question of malicious hearsay; in his own handwriting, under his own seal, Charles of Lorraine gave witness to his own character and motives; and his witness was damning. He recorded a fact hitherto unknown. It was a crime, horrible even for those days; and he, the gentleman, the scholar, the priest, recorded it without shame. It was not that he did not know how black the deed was; worse than that, he did not care.

The candle burnt itself out. The moon, moving on towards the west, left the room in darkness. Still Hamilton sat there, with the pile of papers in his hand.

He felt stunned. Was all his patient, plodding work to end thus? Slowly, and with immense labor, he had built up an ideal of what the Cardinal might have been; and now his ideal lay shattered. He saw the great work, on which he had spent so many years, dwindle to a tiny volume, interesting only for this real picture of the man he had intended to prove so different. He thought of the senseless gabble of the critics, too ignorant to understand the value of such a document, of the sneering comments of his rivals. It was fortunate that he had kept his own counsel so well as to his book; but that series of articles must have betrayed its tendency. How they would laugh to think that the result of his first attempt at rehabilitating an historical character should end in this greater condemnation! How they would laugh if they ever guessed his

strange infatuation for the man he had proved so base!

But, need they know? After all, why should he publish the manuscript? No one knew of its existence; no one would be injured if it were destroyed. He shuddered at the temptation. Had he sunk so low as to destroy an important historical document because it clashed with his mistaken theories? And what would be the use of destroying it, since in any case his own work was ruined? He could not publish it now, knowing its arguments to be false. But the Cardinal, was he to be handed over to the literary ghouls who prey on the reputation of the dead? Who would benefit by that? To destroy the evidence against him would be a crime; but to suppress it would be the last act of a friend.

The gray dawn was stealing into the room before Hamilton's mind was made up. He examined the chest carefully by its light. The panel fitted into its place as before, the pillar moved back easily. He gathered the papers together, and replaced them in the drawer. It should not be for him to increase his reputation at the cost of the man he had believed in. His character had been sufficiently smirched by his enemies; let it remain so, and let this last most blackening testimony stay as he found it. It might be that some happy accident would destroy the deserted *château* and its secret would be lost. Or, some day, its discovery might make the fame of some younger man. Would he wonder, finding the packet opened, who his predecessor had been, and why he had refrained from publishing it? Hamilton did not care much; but he hoped that the Cardinal's secret would remain lost in the silence of time.

"What has happened to our esteemed friend?" Tomkyns asked, at the beginning of the next term. "He has

grown suddenly old. Has he committed a crime, or seen some dreadful sight warranted to make his hair white in a single night?"

"I think there must have been a woman in the case," the Junlor Bursar answered knowingly. "Men of his age are liable to such accidents. The Long Vacation, foreign hotel, charming flirt, —don't you know? He always took

things seriously. He has given up foreign history, hasn't he? Taken to Early English, or something of the sort, and is dryer than ever."

"That's impossible. My wife was his pupil in her first year, but even she could not stand him long. I hope you are coming to see her soon, old man; she wants to make your acquaintance."

Macmillan's Magazine.

TIMES AND MANNERS.

O men of old whose classic deeds
 (Performed by Greek or ancient Roman)
 The painful student daily reads
 In Mommsen, Abbott, Grote, and Oman,—
 Although our theories about
 The Good and Beautiful be truer,
 Yet sometimes I'm inclined to doubt
 If we be better off than you were!

The methods you employed in war
 Were quite superfluously gory,
 Your views of Law and Order far
 More rude than those of any Tory;
 The way you used a captured foe
 Was the reverse of philanthropic:
 Your sentiments were crude, I know,
 On this and every other topic:

You did not strive to calm the storm
 Of simple elemental passions,
 But dealt with men who planned Reform
 In singularly drastic fashions,
 And when defeated at the poll
 Or foiled in some forensic quarrel,
 Employed the Dagger and the Bowl
 In ways which seem to us immoral.

And worse than this (if really true
 The scenes which annalists describe are)
 I know you dined at half-past two,
 I know you mixed your wine with Tiber:
 I know that you on couches lay
 In most uncomfortable poses,

And—why, 'twere difficult to say—

You crowned your perfumed heads with roses:

You drank as deep as any fish:

You must have been as strong as horses!

A peacock was your favorite dish—

You went and bathed between the courses:

Yet none that e'er I read about,

Hero or sage, in periods classic,

By reason of ancestral gout

Forewent that extra glass of Massic.

Then, should a too luxurious fare

Sow sickness' seeds (which was but seldom),

A vow or inexpensive prayer

At once effectively expelled 'em:

Not yet the boons that Science brings,

No microbes yet could vex and plague you:

At worst you died of common things,

A fever or perhaps an ague.

How changed the modern's lot from yours!

Daily do specialists affright his

Inquiring mind with scores and scores

Of things that end in death, and *itis*;

Of ailments new with newer terms

At Science' feet we're always learning,

With wholly unsuspected germs

Awaiting us at every turning.

'Twas hard undoubtedly to be

Beheaded by a tyrant's minions,

Because you chanced to disagree

With his tyrannical opinions;

Yet, when I view the countless swarm

Of troubles new that maim and kill us,

Proscription seems a lesser harm

Than Medicine with a fresh bacillus!

O men of old! your ways, I own,

Were harsher far than ours and rougher;

Still,—had you but by prescience known

What complicated ills we suffer,

Would you have longed to share our plight,

And tread our path by Truth enlightened?

I cannot say. Perhaps you might;

And then, again, perhaps you mightn't!

BUTTERFLY SLEEP.

At the time of writing, a border of bright flowers runs in straight perspective from the window opposite, with a rose arcade by the border, and a yew hedge behind that. The shafts of the morning sun fly straight down to the flowers, and every blossom of hollyhock, sunflower, campanula and convolvulus, and the scarlet ranks of the geraniums, are standing at "attention" to welcome this morning inspection by the ruler and commander-in-chief of all the world of flowers. The inspecting officers, rather late as inspecting officers are wont to be, are overhauling and examining the flowers and their "kits." These inspectors, also roused by the sun, are the butterflies and bees. Splendid red admirals are flying up, and alighting on the sunflowers, or hovering over the pink masses of valerian. Peacock butterflies, "eyed" like Emperors' robes, open and shut their wings upon the petals; large tortoiseshells are flitting from flower to flower; mouse-colored humming-bird moths are poised before the red lips of the geraniums; and a stream of common white butterflies is crossing the lawn to the flowers at the rate of twenty a minute. They all come from the same direction, across a cornfield and meadow, behind which lies a wood. The bees came first, as they are fairly early risers; the butterflies later, some of them very late, and evidently not really ready for parade, for they are sitting on the flowers stretching, brushing themselves, and cleaning their boots,—or feet. The fact is that the butterflies, late though it is, are only just out of bed. You might look all the evening to find the place where these particular butterflies sleep, and not discover it, unless some of them

have taken a fancy to the veranda or the inside of a dwelling-room in the house. But each and every one of them has been asleep in a place it has chosen, and it is probable that some, the red admirals, for instance, will go back to the same place to sleep at evening.

Fond as the butterflies are of the light and sun, they dearly love their beds. Like most fashionable people who do nothing, they stay there very late. But their unwillingness to get up in the morning is equalled by their eager desire to leave the world and its pleasures early and be asleep in good time. They are the earliest of all our creatures to seek repose. An August day has about fifteen hours of light, and for that time the sun shines for twelve hours at least; but the butterflies weary of sun and flowers, color and light, so early that by six o'clock, even on warm days, many of them have retired for the night. On the chalk hills live many of the exquisite blue butterflies, whose motto, like that of the reds, is "early to bed." Some times they may be found, long before sunset, sleeping in hundreds on the downs. Then may be seen the kind of bed a butterfly of this fragile yet hardy race chooses, and the attitudes it sleeps in, its efforts to be comfortable, and its precautions to avoid being carried off and eaten by the tigers and lions of the butterfly world. Last week, in the cold windy days, they were all falling asleep at 5 o'clock. Their dormitory was in the tall, colorless grass, with dead seed-heads, that fringes the tracks over the hills, or the leaves that cross the hollows. Common blues in hundreds were there, and small heath butterflies almost as many.

The former, each and every one of them, arrange themselves to look like part of the seed-spike that caps the grass-stem. Then the use and purpose of the parti-colored gray and yellow under-coloring of their wings is seen. The butterfly invariably goes to sleep head downwards, its eyes looking straight down the stem of the grass. It folds and contracts its wings to the utmost, partly, perhaps, to wrap its body from the cold. But the effect is to reduce its size and shape to a narrow ridge, making an acute angle with the grass-stem, hardly distinguishable in shape and color from the seed-heads on thousands of other stems around. The butterfly also sleeps on the top of the stem, which increases its likeness to the natural finial of the grass. In the morning, when the sunbeams warm them, all these gray-pied sleepers on the grass-tops open their wings, and the colorless bennets are starred with a thousand living flowers of purest azure. Side by side with the "blues" sleep the common "small heaths." They use the grass-stems for beds, but less carefully, and with no such obvious solicitude to compose their limbs in harmony with the lines of the plant. They also sleep with their heads downwards, but the body is allowed to droop sideways from the stem like a leaf. This, with their light coloring, makes them far more conspicuous than the blues. Moreover, as grass has no leaves shaped in any way like the sleeping butterfly, the contrast of shape attracts notice. Can it be that the blues, whose brilliant coloring by day makes them conspicuous to every enemy, have learnt caution, while the brown heaths, less exposed to risk, are less careful of concealment? Be it noticed that moths and butterflies go to sleep in different attitudes. Moths fold their wings back upon their bodies, covering the lower wing, which is usually bright in color, with the up-

per wing. They fold their antennae back on the line of their wings. Butterflies raise the wings above their bodies and lay them back to back, putting their antennae between them if they move them at all. On these same dry grasses of the hills, another of the most brilliant insects of this country may often be seen sleeping in swarms, —the carmine and green burnet moth. But it is a sluggish creature, which often seems scarcely awake in the day, and its surrender to the dominion of sleep excites less surprise than the deep slumber of the active and vivacious butterflies. The heaths and "blues" should perhaps be regarded as the gipsies of the butterfly world, because they sleep in the open. They are even worse off than the nomads, because like that regiment which the War Office lately refused to grant field allowance to on the ground that they were "not under canvas," they do not seek even a temporary roof. What we may call the "garden butterflies," especially the red admirals, often do seek a roof, going into barns, sheds, churches, verandas, and even houses to sleep. There, too, they often wake up in winter from their long hibernating sleep, and remind us of summer days gone by as they flicker on the sun-warmed panes. Mrs. Brightwen established the fact that they sometimes have fixed homes to which they return. Two butterflies, one a brimstone, the other, so far as the writer remembers, a red admiral, regularly came for admission to the house. One was killed by a rain-storm when the window was shut; the other hibernated in the house. Probably it was as a sleeping-place and bedroom that the butterflies made it their "home." There is a parallel instance, mentioned, we believe, by Mr. Wallace, when a butterfly came night after night to sleep on a particular spot in the roof of a veranda in the Eastern Archipelago. In the East the sun it-

self is so regular and so rapid in rising and setting that the sleeping hours of insects and birds are far more regular than in temperate lands with their shifting periods of light and darkness.

Our twilight, that season that the tropics know not, has produced a curious race of moths, or rather, a curious habit confined to certain kinds. They are the creatures neither of day nor of night, but of twilight. They awake as twilight begins, go about their business and enjoy a brief and crepuscular activity, and go to sleep as soon as darkness settles on the world. At the first glimmer of the dawn they awaken again to fly till sunrise, when they hurry off like the fairies, and sleep till twilight falls again.

As there are hundreds of moths that fly by night and sleep by day at seasons when there are perhaps only twenty species of butterflies flying by day and sleeping by night, it is strange that the sleeping moths are not more often found. Some kinds are often disturbed, and are seen. But the great majority are sleeping on the bark of trees, in hedges, in the crevices of pines, oaks and elms, and other rough-skinned timber, and we see them not. Some prefer damp nights with a drizzle of rain to fly in, not the weather which we should choose as inviting us to leave repose. Few like moonlight nights; darkness is their idea of a "fine day" in which to get up and enjoy life, many, like the dreams in Virgil's Hades, being all day high among the leaves of lofty trees, whence they descend at the summons of night, the—

The Spectator.

Filmy shapes

That haunt the dusk, with ermine
capas,
And woolly breasts, and beaded eyes.

The connection between character and bedtime which grew up from association when human life was less complex than now, has some counterpart in the world of butterflies and insects. The industrious bees go to bed much earlier than the roving wasps. The latter, which have been out stealing fruit and meat, and foraging on their own individual account, "knock in" at all hours till dark, and may sometimes be seen in a state of disgraceful intoxication, hardly able to find the way in at their own front door. The bees are all asleep by then in their communal dormitory.

It would not be human if some belief had not arisen that the insects that fly by night imitate human thieves and rob those which toil by day. There has always been a tradition that the death's-head moth, the largest of all our moths, does this, and that it creeps into the hives and robs the bees, which are said to be terrified by a squeaking noise made by the gigantic moth, which to a bee must appear as the roc did to its victims. It is said that the bees will close up the sides of the entrance to the hive with wax so as to make it too small for the moth to creep in. Probably this is a fable, due to the pirate badge which the moth bears on its head. But it is certainly fond of sweet things, and as it is often caught in empty sugar-barrels, it is quite possible that it does come to the hive-door at night and alarm the inmates in its search for honey.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

OCTOBER 6, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

NO TRAITOR.*

Fortino, too, that great and wretched giant, was seated on the rocks; but on those just outside the prison door. Fortino had not entered. When they had searched him before allowing him to cross the moat, he had stood and looked at the moat itself, at the walls, at all the gloomy, depressing place. Then they had told him he could enter. "Is he in there?" asked Fortino hoarsely.

"Yes."

He could not realize it.

"He is in this—this hell?" muttered he.

They assured him Vicente was within.

He stood like a monolith for many minutes and stared in tragedy of spirit into the place.

"Here!" he said in a smothered growl of grief. "In this—in this! And I, I did it!"

They were in much wonder, watching him. His face suddenly blazed red, and he turned red eyes on them.

"No!" he cried, "not yet! I cannot yet enter here. Let my damned soul first grow to it!"

He backed off some twenty yards and sat down on a rock and stared at the prison's door for eleven miserable hours without food or drink, without uttering a word or moving his eyes.

The noon beat down heat upon him. The afternoon cast his shadow longer and longer on the stony earth. The evening breeze came and cooled some of the hot sweat from his face. The sun came down in a sea of red light, and the night came. They had given Vicente his supper and the prisoner had retired to the last of the four cells, when Fortino finally arose.

"Perhaps I can do it now," he said.

They led him across the moat and through the passage into the patio, thence to the door of the first cell. He fixed his eyes ahead of him. He strove with prodigious effort not to see any of the ruins. He halted in a profound revery at the door.

"Come in," said the guard who was to accompany him, "and follow me."

He started, awakened, and plunged into the first cell after his leader. The latter held a torch which cast flickering light through the apartments, so that shadows and flames seemed leaping and sporting among the ruins like ghosts. Fortino held his breath and, suffused with misery, stumbled into the second cell. The guard pointed to the door. Fortino put his hand on it, and it creaked and swung open. He entered, followed by the other, and it emitted a dull sound as it closed after them. Into the third cell from the fourth came the dim light of Vicente's candle. The huge man paused and feared to enter. He came to the door

* A Dream of a Throne: The Story of a Mexican Revolt. By Charles Fleming Embree. Copyright 1900. Little, Brown & Co.

and stumbled on a stone, and suddenly burst out in a thunderous oath.

"What is it, man?" said a calm voice in the fourth cell. "Come in. Defile not your mouth with blasphemies. There are others more unhappy than you, whoever you be."

Fortino came and stood at the door and looked. The guard was with him, Vicente was seated on the blankets with the light on the floor before him. He was not looking at the door, he was looking into the flame of the candle. His face's profile was turned toward Fortino and the light cut it out of the gloom as out of rock. It held a peace in its sadness. Fortino could not go further. He stood and gazed. The prolonged silence led Vicente to turn his head. He had thought it only a guard. He saw the unmistakable great form. He arose and stood as still as the other, and fastened a deep eye on the giant.

"Well," he began, "this is Fortino. This is he who fished and fought. Thus far would my memory go. I will say to myself and mayhap come to believe that, after Ocotlan Fortino died. Yes, this belief will I carry to my grave. It will be more satisfying. Then are you, man, who come where I am a prisoner and stand in the door of my cell at night, the ghost of that old Fortino who fished and fought and died, and was a friend to me? Or are you that other man who wielded your strength when you were dead?"

"Oh, Body of God!" cried the great one, coming a little nearer. "You, then, too, curse me with it! For which, hear the old lime-kiln say, I blame you not—rather would bless you for it! What did I do? I came across the lake to find you. Why? To enter your prison, wherever in Purgatory it might be! What has the day been to me? I sat through it all outside the door with hell-fire in me, because I dared not come in. I have now come

in. Why? That you may trample, if you so desire, my swine's body under your feet, or cut my cursed flesh in strips. I am a madman, an animal, a fool. I am any one or all of these things, or any other such as have not reason or responsibility or blame. But one thing I am not, so help me or slay my soul whatever gods there be of mothers or sons of gods or eternal damnations—I am not a traitor. What did they tell me? That I was doing it for you. I did sweat blood with that great hope. I did pour out my soul drop by drop while the iron was heating. Who conceived the deed? I—and my soul is already with the devil for it. Who put me at it and told me you were waiting in the plaza and your enemy was galloping up the river road? Who but that son of the damned, Quiroz, who beat me on the back and made me a maniac? Señor, I am done; I say no more. I blame you not. You were deeply wronged and your greatness is ruined. Hate me—sir, hate me! I long to be loathed—already am I damned. I shall carry away with me a never dead faith in you. I shall want and need no reconciliation or soothing from you. I shall tramp out. Would that my big hulk could shake down these walls! May nobody ever remember this bungling giant! Good-by, sir!"

He turned about, having been in his speech like some awful engine, and made for the door.

"Stop!" cried Vicente. He came to the other with quick steps and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"What do you want?" growled Fortino in hoarseness.

"To tell you, Fortino, that I am as ready to see that I judged you wrongly as you were to help me. Then this great form has in it a heart as great; and this is what I had believed of you. Why, man, there is a relief comes to me with this news, that, compared to

my grief before, is like happiness. Forgive me my bad thoughts. I am grown morbid. I seem to have been, too, peculiarly blind. Nothing but the sight of you yourself in the midst of the treachery could have made me doubt you. Tell me not, man, to forget you. Call me rather a friend who shall never forget. You come in the darkest hour, when the world seemed rotten and traitors the inhabitants of it. You walk in on my loneliness and despair, and prove to me that honesty still lives. Fortino, when you can measure the worth of this to me, you can measure your own good and come to perceive that you have undone the mistake you made."

The perspiration again rolled down Fortino's countenance.

"But the mistake got you in," muttered he, glaring about at the walls, "and the good will not get you out."

Vicente led him to the light. Fortino's desire to go was overcome. The two sat down on the stone floor with the candle between them casting its white light up over the clear strong features of the dreamer and over the coarse visage of the giant, whereon the sweat glistened in beads. They talked thus for a long time, the presence of the guard not hindering them. And when at last, more than an hour later, they separated, it was a somewhat soothed, yet rather a broken old giant that came out, crossed the stony space to the church and, blocking its wide doorway with his form, slept.

AND CONTENTMENT THEREWITH.*

This is not home; it is a charitable institution! I pine away for Ida, the old ways, the homely surroundings. And we have been here but a week. When the weeks stretch out to months, and the months drag along wearily to years!—

We are tolerated, not entertained. Jane may pretend and affirm all she likes, but a frown from Mrs. Grundy annoys her more than all our smiles can gratify. Horrible Mrs. Grundy—she should never have been born!

If guests are invited for the evening, mother and I are relegated to the second table, dining just after the family and just before the servants. Rounds holds that children should be seen and not heard; that those in their second childhood should be neither seen nor heard. When he sees me passing

up the stairs, he stares at me with an air that snaps, "That's right, go on up; that's where you belong."

I prophesied fair weather and balmy for to-day; but no man is a weather prophet in his own city. The lion swallowed the lamb and he is rampant as ever. Even were it the balmiest spring day, mother could not leave the house; rheumatism has confined her to her bed. I am determined to go alone; conscience will drive me mad if I postpone my duty any longer. I must see my Ida.

Ida vacated the flat which we formerly rented to take her abode in the two rooms erstwhile occupied by the Vogels. I poked my head through the door, smiling broadly as a Jack-out-of-the-box. Jack was doomed to disappointment; his child was not at hand to make merry over his antics. Sulklily did he replace his smile with a

* *Poor People.* By I. K. Friedman. Copyright, 1900, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

frown, withdrawing into the box, railing at an ill-regulated world.

Ensnared in the largest chair, I finally consented to aid the efforts of philosophy to dull the sharp edge of discontent, as I fell to speculating on a theory of human happiness. I can sum up my recondite thought in a line—Where we are matters naught; with whom we are is all-important. Will my name go down in the history of philosophy for the discovery of this ethical principle?

Again am I at ease in mine own inn, comfortable as if I had exchanged a new and tight-fitting coat for one that had accommodated itself through use to my figure.

Ida, if circumstances, if fate, if you will only allow us to end our last days with you, I will ask for nothing more, nothing better.

I catch the sound of her step. A start backward, a shout of surprise, a bound forward, and she comes sailing into my open arms. *Ida, my Ida!* We cry and laugh, and laugh and cry together; but laughter ousts tears in a trice. Her lips begin to question and, without waiting for an answer, hurl forth another, as if an answer had nothing to do with the joy of interrogating. Finally we become normal.

"It must be grand to live in a house like that, father?"

"Grand! Why, it's—" how I yearn to disclose my eagerness to return here—"It's the grandest thing in the world, *Ida*. You cannot conceive how grand it is until you try it yourself."

"I knew that you would like the change. I could afford to give you so little."

An eruption in the bowl of my pipe—a volcano of smoke. The truth is tempting me sorely.

"Have you missed us much, *Ida*?"

She cuts short the exclamation that is crossing her lips with:—

"I have been very lonely sometimes.

Yes, sometimes I have been lonely; but then I have to work so steadily that I don't get much time to think. If I could only have you back, though; if I could afford it, I—"

"Ah!"

"Father, what made you say 'Ah' like that?"

"Did I say 'Ah'? Well, I wasn't conscious of it. No, *Ida* deary, I think that it is better as it is. You see that you don't have to toll like a slave now; and mother's health seems so much improved in the new home."

"I was sure that it would be."

"The difference in heartache more than makes up for it," reflect I to myself. And aloud: "Of course we miss you fearfully, but one can't have everything in this world; that would be asking too much."

"I am glad that you are so contented with *Jane*; I was positive that you would be when you grew accustomed to the different style of living. But, father, honestly now, supposing that I could earn enough to care for you and mother, that is if *Jane* would keep on assisting us a bit as she used to, would you rather come back, or stay where you are?"

My eyes fall on her thumb, worn from sewing. I pretend to weigh her question seriously. Three long whiffs from my pipe.

"Well, *Ida*, taking mother into consideration—the improvement in her general health—the comforts and the luxuries, I presume it is wiser to remain with *Jane*."

She is scrutinizing me sharply. God forgive me! I pray that I spoke that lie in the same manner in which I utter the truth.

"*Ida*, it is growing late; if you want to see mother, we shall have to start at once."

"Only finish one more pipe, and then we will go. It is so good to have you sitting on that chair smoking and talk-

ing to me, as if nothing had changed, as if you had never gone away."

The twilight had merged into the darkness when we reached Jane's house. Ida's affected buoyancy of spirits foreboded tragedy to my gloomy mood. Unspeakably cruel of destiny to separate those whom love unites!

Ida took mother's hair down, combing and dressing it in the old fashion, chatting and frolicking like a child meanwhile. Afterwards we sought amusement in cards. All thoughts of impending tragedy fled before a blithesomeness that I have not held in my heart since boyhood.

It was after eleven before it occurred to Ida that she must leave us. Mathilda was bent upon transforming the lounge into a bed, that she might stay with us overnight; but to this Ida would not consent, nor would she hearken to my accompanying her home. She was not afraid to go alone; one of my years had no business out in such weather.

Despite her rheumatism and all its consequent aches and pains, mother insisted upon escorting her daughter to the hall door; and she would give ear to neither Ida's protest nor mine. I had my hand on the bronze knob, when I heard the violent slam of the carriage door. Rounds and Jane were home from the affair at the club. They were unusually early. Although no word had passed between us on the subject, I divined that Ida preferred not to meet them, and I had laid my fond plans accordingly.

All was not well with Rounds. His face quotes the rise and fall of stocks on the exchange. He was in one of those peevish, irritable moods when a glance suffices to throw his tottering temper out of balance, to let the brunt of it fall on the unfortunate one who had tipped the wavering scales.

Ida in the plain garb of a girl of the poor, Jane in the richness of ball-room

attire, a diamond tiara in the golden crown of her hair, resplendent in silk gown and ermine cloak—what a gulf between the two!

To the disgust of the ermine, no doubt, the silk was brought in a dangerous proximity to plebeian cotton cloth; and Jane's arms hugged Ida as she planted a warm kiss on both her sister's cheeks. I have noted that Jane is ever more tender when her husband has one of his morose fits.

"Dear child, why haven't you been to see me? Where have you kept yourself in hiding so long?"

"I have been home—so busy," stammered Ida.

Rounds was hanging his coat and hat on the large tree in the hall.

"Home is a good place for you," he muttered without turning.

"Will!" gasped Jane, clinging closer to Ida, as if to evince that her husband's sentiments were not shared by her. Ida flushed to the roots of her hair, and biting her lip, she clinched her little fists. I grasped mother's hand; her nerves were all a tingle, her vitality was spurting to her finger tips; I was holding a live wire.

The blood swirled to my head and beat at my temples. I remained speechless, the words refusing to marshal themselves into sentences invective enough to express my indignation. In my mind was a confused jumble of apologetic phrases, poured forth by Jane; but I can remember vividly that Ida kissed mother and me, and glided softly from the house.

It was only when fatigue, not somnolence, induced us to seek rest in bed, and when our room was filled with the darkness of the night, as if in dread that the light might hear our secret, that mother whispered:—

"Thomas, no one wants us here—nowhere—there is only one place—one home left—the poorhouse. They take it for granted that you are poor there;

they do not insult old and poor people—like us.”

“Ida will take us back, mother. She would rather starve than have us inmates of the poorhouse. She will not allow it. It will kill her if we go there.”

“Are you sure that she wants us, Thomas?”

“Yes, mother.”

“How do you know?”

“Why—why, she told me so to-day.” Verity had ceased to be a virtue with me.

We arose early, long before the servants were astir, and gathered the few trifles that we brought hither. With due caution we stole out of the house. I had a sensation that the butler was crawling behind us; I did not look back to confirm it.

Ida had barely begun the cooking of her frugal breakfast when we loomed up before her vision. Had the frying-pan been small enough, she would have dropped it into the fire. I spoke before her query dropped from her lips.

“Ida, we have come home. For God’s sake take us back! We can’t stand it there. We will live on a crust of bread and water, if you will let us stay with you.”

“Take you back! Take you back? Are’n’t you ashamed to ask me that? I could cry for joy that you have come back. I should go mad, crazy, out of my head, if I had to live another month without you. Mother, father, forgive me,” she burst into tears, “I lied to you, I drove you away because I thought you would be happier with Jane. I lied to you! Don’t shake your head, father dear, I did; yes; I did! I said I couldn’t afford to have you longer with me, when I was dying, yes, sobbing my life out, to see you leave me.”

“We have been lying, too, Ida. We have never been so unhappy. We didn’t spend a contented moment in that man’s house; but we couldn’t bear the thought of burdening you.”

“Then we have been deceiving each other all the time?”

“Yes,” echoed mother and I in unison.

“Well, we shall end that right here. Mother, put on your apron; you will find it in the closet, hanging on the nail behind the door; and help me get breakfast. I am going to run over to the shop. Father, you can help, let me see—you can help eat it.”

AT THE TIME OF SHEEP-WASHING.*

The old man turned his back on the Ratcliffes, and his face to the upcoming horseman, whose head was thrust low upon his shoulders as if some gloomy trend of thought were dulling him to all sights and sounds of this fair June day.

“I framed weel, an’ I could do no more,” he said to himself; “but sakes, why couldn’t he hev bided a while

longer? Th’ Ratcliffes ’ud hev been off to th’ Low Meadow i’ a twinkling, if I knaw owt. What’s to be done, like? He’s a wick un to fight, is th’ Maister, but there’s seven o’ these clever Dicks fro’ Wildwater, an’ that’s longish odds.”

Hiram stood for a while, puzzled and ill-at-ease, watching his Master draw slowly nearer to the pools; and then his face brightened on the sudden as he shuffled across to where two shep-

* Shameless Wayne. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. Copyright 1899 by Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.

herd lads were talking affrightedly together.

"Set your dogs on a two-three sheep, an' drive 'em downhill, an' reckon to follow 'em," he whispered. "Then ye'll meet Maister—an' a word I' his lug may save him fro' a deal. An' waste no time, for there's none to be lossen."

The lads, catching the spirit of it, had already got their dogs to work when Red Ratcliffe's voice brought them to a sudden halt; for Ratcliffe, mistrusting fellows of Hiram's kidney, had marked his whispering and guessed its purpose.

"Come back, ye farm louts!" he cried, and turned to Hiram with a sneer. "Art fullish of wit, thou think'st? Dost mind how once before we matched wits, thou and I?"

"I mind," said Hiram. "'Twas when I told ye where the Marsh peats war stored—but ye didn't burn mich wi' 'em, Maister, if I call to mind."

Red Ratcliffe laughed at the retort, for his eyes were on the horseman down below, and his mood was almost playful now that his prey seemed like to come so tame to hand.

"I'm flaired for th' Maister this time, that I am," muttered Hiram, as he, too, glanced down the slope; "but being flaired niver saved onybody yet fro' a bull's horns, as th' saying is, so I mun just bide still an' keep my een oppen."

The Ratcliffes passed a smile and a jest one to the other as they saw Shameless Wayne draw near and marked the heavy gloom that rested on him; for it pleased them that the man they loathed should have bitterness for his portion during the few moments he had yet to live.

Wayne did not glance up the moor until he had ridden within ten-score yards of them. He half drew rein on seeing the seven red-headed horsemen waiting for him on the hill-crest; and

Red Ratcliffe, thinking he meant to turn about, was just calling his kinsmen to pursue when he saw Wayne drive home his spurs and ride straight up to meet them.

"Bide where ye are," said Red Ratcliffe then. "He's courteous as ever, this fool of Marsh, and would not trouble us to gallop after him."

"'Tis like him; he war allus obstinate as death, an' wod be if th' Lord o' Hell stood up agen him," groaned Jose the shepherd, as he left the water and joined the knot of farm-folk who stood aloof, expectant, and doubtful for their own safety and the Maister's.

"I give you good-day, Wayne of Marsh," called Red Ratcliffe.

"I shall neither fare better nor worse for the same. What would you?" answered Wayne, halting at thrice a sword's-length from the group.

"Why, we would wash our sheep, and yonder rough-tongued hind of thine refused us. So, said I, as I saw you riding up the slope, 'We'll ask the Master's leave, and of his courtesy he'll grant it.'"

Shameless Wayne would never stoop to the Ratcliffe frippery of speech. "My courtesy takes no account of such as ye," he answered bluntly.

"Think awhile!" went on the other gently. "These pools were made for Waynes and Ratcliffes both in the days before there was bad blood between us. 'Tis our right as well as yours to use it when we will."

"And when we will. First come, first served. Come, lads, ye're loitering, and half the sheep are yet unwashed," he broke off, turning to the farm-men.

Red Ratcliffe's face darkened. "The old wives say, Wayne of Marsh, that the first feud sprang up at this very spot, because it chanced that the Marsh and Wildwater ewes came on the same day to the washing. I would have no lad's blood on my hands

for my part, so bear the old tale in mind, and give us room."

Wayne had his sword loose all this time, and his eyes, even when they seemed to rove, were never far from Red Ratcliffe's movements. "Your talk, sir, wearies me," he said. "Ye mean to strike, seven against one.—Well, strike! I'm waiting for you with a thought of what chanced once in Marshcotes kirkyard to keep my blood warm."

The Ratcliffes were daunted a little by the downright, sturdy fashion of the man; and for a moment they hung back, remembering how Wayne of Marsh had met them time and again with witchcraft and with resistless sword-play. One looked at another, seeking denial of the folly which could credit Wayne with power to match the seven of them.

"Where is the Lean Man to-day? 'Tis strange he comes not to the sheep-washing," said Wayne of Marsh, as still they halted.

"He would not trouble," snarled Red Ratcliffe. "'Twas butchery, he said, for a man of his years to fight such a callow stripling."

Wayne smiled with maddening coolness. "That's a lie, Ratcliffe the Red. He dared not come. The last I saw of him, he was riding hard—with my sword-point all but in his back. Well? Am I to wait till nightfall for you, or are ye, too, minded to turn tail?"

Stung by the taunt, Red Ratcliffe spurred forward on the sudden, and his comrades followed with a yell; and even sour Hiram Hey sent up a half-shamed prayer that the Master might come through this desperate pass with safety. Hiram, as a practical man and one who dealt chiefly with what he could see and handle, was wont to use prayer as the last resource of all; and his furtive appeal was witness that he saw no hope of rescue—no hope of respite, even—for his Master.

But Jose the shepherd had not been idle during that brief pause between Wayne's challenge and the onset of the Ratcliffe's. He had watched Hiram's attempt to send a warning down the slope; and while the storm grew ripe for breaking, he bethought him that there were those about Wayne of Marsh who might yet serve him at a pinch. To one hand of the Ratcliffes were the ewes, ten-score or so, which they had brought to give color to their quarrel; about the shepherd's knees were his two dogs, the canniest brutes in the moorside. A few calls from Jose, in a tongue they had learned in puppyhood, a sly pointing of his finger at the Ratcliffe sheep, and the dogs rushed in among the huddled, bleating mass. The sheep were for making off across the moor, but Jose the shepherd shouted clear above the feud-cries of the Ratcliffes, and worked his dogs as surely as if this were no more than the usual business of the day; in a moment the flock was headed, turned, driven straight across the strip of moor that lay between Wayne and his adversaries.

Quickly done it was, and fealty; and just as the Ratcliffes swept on to the attack, the ewes ran pell-mell in between their horses' feet. The dogs, wild with their sport, followed after and snapped, now at the sheep, now at the legs of the bewildered horses. Two of the Wildwater folk were unhorsed forthwith; three others were all but out of saddle, and needed all their wits to keep their beasts in hand; and Shameless Wayne, watching the turmoil from the hillock where he stood firm to meet the onset, laughed grimly as he jerked the curb hard down upon his own beast's jaw.

"I thowt 'twould unsettle 'em a bittock," murmured Jose the shepherd, stroking his chin contentedly while he watched the ewes driven further down the hill, leaving clear room between

his Master and the rearing horses of the Ratcliffes.

"Dang me, why didn't I think on't myseln!" cried Hiram Hey. "It war as plain as dayleet, an' yond owd fool! Jose 'ull mak' a lot of his cleverness when next he goes speering after Martha. Ay, I know him!—That's th' style, Maister!" he broke off, with a sudden, rousing shout. "In at 'em, an' skift 'em afore they've fund their seats again."

Wayne had seen his chance, and taken it; and now he was riding full tilt at the enemy, over the pair of fallen horsemen. Red Ratcliffe cut at him in passing, and missed; the rest were overbusy with their horses to do more than raise a clumsy guard; Wayne galloped clean through them, swirling his blade to the right hand and to the left, and in a breathing-space, so it seemed to Hiram and the shepherd, the free moor and safety lay before him.

"Now, God be thanked, he's through, is th' lad!" cried Hiram. "Lord Harry, he swoops and scampers fair like a storm-wind out o' th' North."

But Wayne would not take the plain road of flight; partly because his blood was up, and partly he feared for the safety of his farm-hands if he left them to play the scape-goat to these red-headed gentry. He wheeled about, and the discomfited horsemen, seeing him bear down a second time, were mute with wonder. But their fury was keen sharpened now; they glanced at the two fallen riders, trampled beneath Wayne's hoofs; they heard one of their number cursing at a wound that Wayne had given him as he rode through; a moment only they halted for surprise, and then, with a deafening yell of *Ratcliffe!* they closed in a ring about him.

"Five to one now. Come, the odds lessen fast," cried Wayne, as he pulled up and seemed to wait their onset.

But he knew that flight was hope-

less if he let the full company attack him front and rear. One glance he snatched at the open moor behind, and one at the walled enclosure where the sheep had lately been herded for the washing.

"God's life, I'll trick them yet," he muttered, and reined sharp about, outwitting them, and rode hard as hoofs could kick up the peat toward the shelter of the walls.

"Is he a Jack o' Lanthorn, this fool from Marsh?" growled Red Ratcliffe, folled a second time.

He thought that Wayne was trusting to his horsemanship, that he would double and retreat and glance sideways each time they made at him in force, hoping to get a blow as occasion offered. But Wayne of Marsh had no such play in mind; he was seeking only for sure ground on which to stand and meet them one by one. He had marked the opening in the pinfold through which the sheep were driven, and he knew that, if he could once gain the wall, the battle would narrow to a run of single contests.

They saw his aim too late; and as Red Ratcliffe swerved and swooped on him, Wayne backed his horse with its flanks inside the pinfold. He had four stout walls behind him now; the up-rights of the gateway were no more than saddle-high, and above them he had free space for arm and sword-swing. It was one against five still—but each of the five must wait his turn, and each must fare alone against the blade which, to the Ratcliffe fancy, was a live, malignant thing in the hands of this witch-guarded lad of Marsh.

Again the red-heads fell back, while the Marsh farm-folk, roused by the Master's pluck, sent up a ringing cheer. And Shameless Wayne, who had chafed under long weeks of farming, laughed merrily to feel his sword-hilt grafted to his hot right hand again, to

know that he had cut off retreat and that five skilled swordsmen were at hand to give him battle.

"God rest you, sirs. Wayne and the

Dog are waiting," he cried, and laughed anew to mark how they shrank from the old battle-cry.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Henry Holt & Co. expect to have Professor Henry A. Beers's "English Romanticism of the Nineteenth Century" ready next spring.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has a dramatic story of Quebec, entitled "The Lane that Has no Turning," in the press of Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Putnams are to publish this autumn the first uniform edition of George Borrow's works to appear in this country. There will be four volumes.

The Century Company are to publish this month Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull's "The Golden Book of Venice," a romance of Venice at the time of its greatest glory.

Doubleday, Page & Co. take time by the forelock in announcing the publication in the autumn of next year of Rudyard Kipling's novel "Kim of the Rishtri," which, meanwhile, is to appear serially.

It seems nearly impossible, in England, to find a title for a book which is not pre-empted. It appears now that the title of Mr. Henley's new book of verse "For England's Sake" was carried by a book published ten years ago.

The most remarkable drop in fanciful literary values recently recorded is

that in the price of Rudyard Kipling's "Schoolboy Lyrics," which sold in London in April, 1899, for 135 pounds, but brought only 3 pounds, 5 shillings at a sale last August.

The expiration of the French copyright on Balzac's works is signalized by the announcement by the house of Ollendorf of a complete edition of his novels, illustrated and typographically attractive, at the regular price of 3 francs, 50 centimes.

The official report of the great meetings held at New York in connection with the Ecumenical Conference of Foreign Missions, from April 21 to May 2 of the present year is to be published by the Religious Tract Society of London.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has completed a revised and final edition of his "First Principles," a book around which great controversy has raged. The cardinal views of the work remain unchanged, but numerous minor alterations have been made.

Miss Cholmondeley, in a letter in reply to her publishers, the Harpers, expressed with regret her inability to give the origin of the motto of "Red Pottage:" "After the red pottage comes the exceeding bitter cry." A reader of the London Globe, however, has found it in a published sermon by

Dean Farrar, entitled "Selling the Birthright."

Mrs Amelia E. Barr's new story, "The Maid of Maiden Lane," which Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for early publication, is a sequel to "A Bow of Orange Ribbon." The scene is laid in New York after the Revolution, and Washington and Lady Washington are among the characters who figure in it.

A new "creel" of Irish stories by Jane Barlow, entitled "From the Land of the Shamrock," is promised by Dodd, Mead & Co. It will be awaited with pleasurable expectations by all who have enjoyed the charming humor and tenderness of Miss Barlow's "Irish Idyls." Miss Barlow is the Sarah Orne Jewett of Ireland.

Two volumes which promise to reproduce interesting phases of Southern life are among the announcements of A. C. McClurg & Co. One, "North Carolina Mountain Sketches," by Mary Nelson Carter, records some close studies of the poor whites; the other, "Northern Georgia Sketches," is a volume of short dialect stories by Will N. Harben.

Being inquired of as to what qualities in a novel determine the decision of a publisher, the London publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, give this interesting answer:

As for telling your readers the canons by which fiction should be judged, that is a large matter. From a publisher's point of view, one test alone is adequate. No novel ever attained success which was not based upon human nature, which did not make some direct and poignant demand upon human sympathy. Literary distinction—inescapable in itself—is insufficient to popularity. The touch of nature is paramount. When the literary expert can confess himself to have been

carried *ex cathedra* into the atmosphere of emotional impression, he may be fairly sure that he has got hold of a MS. which requires a second consideration. Without that impression he may almost as safely decline the book at once.

T. Fisher Unwin is to publish this autumn a series of "Critical Studies" by "Ouida," in which her keen characterization of Joseph Chamberlain, already familiar to the readers of this magazine, will be included; a study of "The Jew in London;" a profusely-illustrated account of the services of "The Canadian Contingent;" "The Wisdom of the Wise," a three-act comedy by John Oliver Hobbes; Professor Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America;" the hitherto uncollected poems of William Cowper; several attractive books of travel; and a long list of books of fiction by writers well-known, little known, and to most American readers at least, unknown.

Marie Corelli's latest novel, "The Master Christian," of which Dodd, Mead & Co. are the American publishers, is criticised as an unfair and virulent attack upon the Catholic Church of the present day. It would seem, however, that the writer's aspersions on the churches of the Protestant faith would have been equally severe, had the action of her story carried her into countries where they were as numerous. The book is a turgid, impassioned and—perhaps—sincere appeal for a more simple and vitalizing Christianity. Its most striking and objectionable feature is the introduction of a character whom the reader is requested to believe to be the Savior re-incarnate. It is impossible to fathom the purposes of those who write novels of this type, but it is surprising that those who recommend them do not see how insidiously faith in the supernatural is undermined by such trifling with it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Afield and Afloat. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$1.50.
- African Nights Entertainment. By A. J. Dawson. Wm. Heinemann.
- Allen Lorne: A Novel dealing with Religion and Psychology. By Alexander MacDougall. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Antarctic Regions, The. By Dr. Karl Fricker. With Maps, Plates and Illustrations in the Text. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.
- Atonement in Modern Religious Thought, The. A Theological Symposium. James Clarke & Co.
- Battling for Atlanta. The Young Kentuckians Series. By Byron A. Dunn. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.25.
- Campaign of 1815, The: Ligny, Quatre Bras, Waterloo. By William O'Connor Morris. Grant Richards.
- Catacombs of Paris, The. By E. Berthet. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Critical Studies A Series of Essays. By Ouida. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Daughter of Witches, A. By Joanna E. Wood. Hurst & Blackett.
- Desert, In the. By George Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Price \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Fra Angelico and His Art. By Langton Douglas. George Bell & Sons.
- Gateless Barrier, The. By Lucas Malet. Methuen & Co.
- Handsome Brandons, The. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Illuminated Manuscripts in the British Museum; Miniatures, Borders and Initials reproduced in gold and colors. With a descriptive text by George F. Warner, M. A., Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts. London: printed by order of the Trustees.
- Indian Giver, An. A Comedy. By W. D. Howells. Price 50 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Isle of Unrest, The. By Henry Seton Merriman. Illustrated. Price \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Japan, Feudal and Modern. By Arthur May Knapp. Duckworth & Co.
- Kelea: the Surf-Rider. A Romance of Pagan Hawaii. By A. S. Twombly. Price \$1.50. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
- Lucretius on Life and Death. By W. H. Mallock. A. & C. Black.
- Master Christian, The. By Marie Correll. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Ministers of Jesus Christ, The. By J. Foster Lepine. Longmans & Co.
- Monitor, The, and the Navy Under Steam. By Frank M. Bennett, Lieutenant, U. S. N. With illustrations. Price \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Mutiny on Board of H. M. S. Bounty, The. Narrative and Charts by Lieut. William Bligh. Price \$1.00. M. F. Mansfield, New York.
- Neighbors: being Annals of a Dull Town. By Julia M. Crottle. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church, A Select Library of. Second Series. Vol. XIV. The Seven Ecumenical Councils of the Undivided Church, their Canons and Dogmatic Decrees. Edited by Henry R. Percival, D. D. Oxford, Parker & Co.
- On Alien Shores. By Leslie Keith. Hurst & Blackett.
- Portraiture in Recumbent Effigies and Ancient Monumental Sculpture in England. By A. Hartshorne. Illustrated. Exeter, Pollard.
- Riverside Aldine Classics: Evangeline: Snow Bound, etc.; The One Hoss Shay, etc.; Sir Launfal, etc.; Legends of Province House, etc. Price 50 cents each. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Silent Gate, The: A Voyage into Prison. By Tighe Hopkins. Hurst & Blackett.
- Smoking Car, The. A Comedy. By W. D. Howells. Price 50 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Typography, Notes on a Century of. By Horace Hart. Oxford University Press.
- Uncanonized. By Margaret Horton Potter. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price \$1.50.
- Whistling Maid, The. By Ernest Rhys. Hutchinson & Co.
- Without the Limelight. By George R. Sims. Chatto & Windus.

